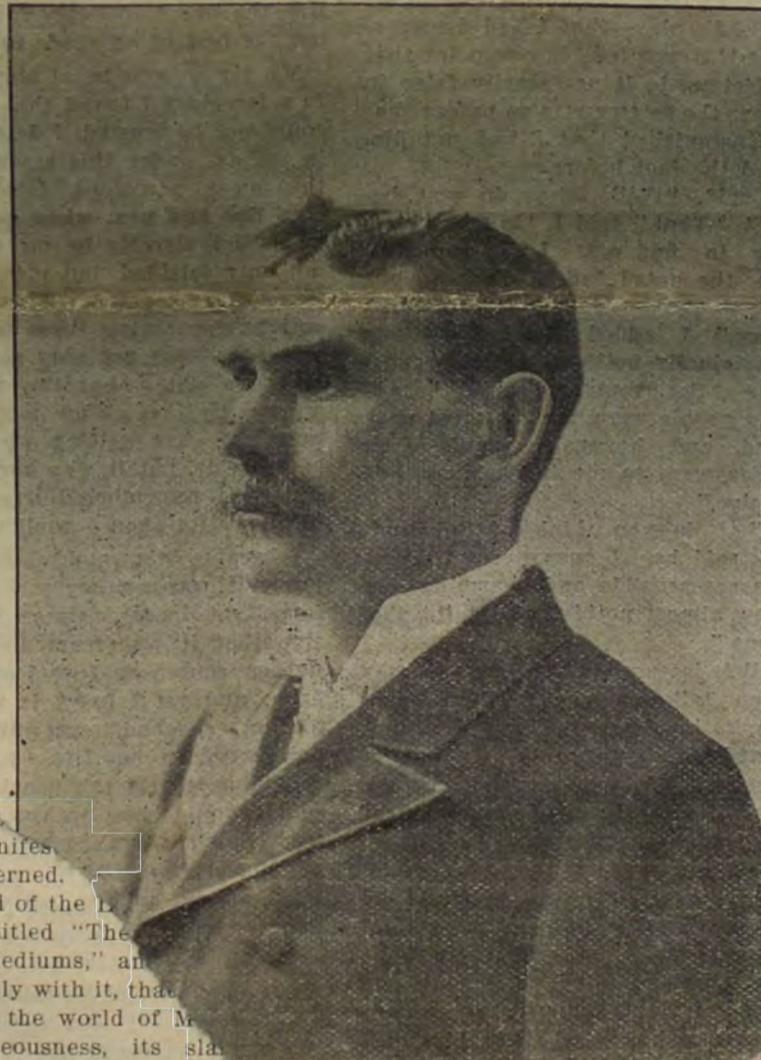


Nat'l Spiritual Ass'n
600 Park Ave.
125th St.
135th St.

Light of Truth

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JANE D. CHURCH WILLARD J. HULL.

OBITUARIES.

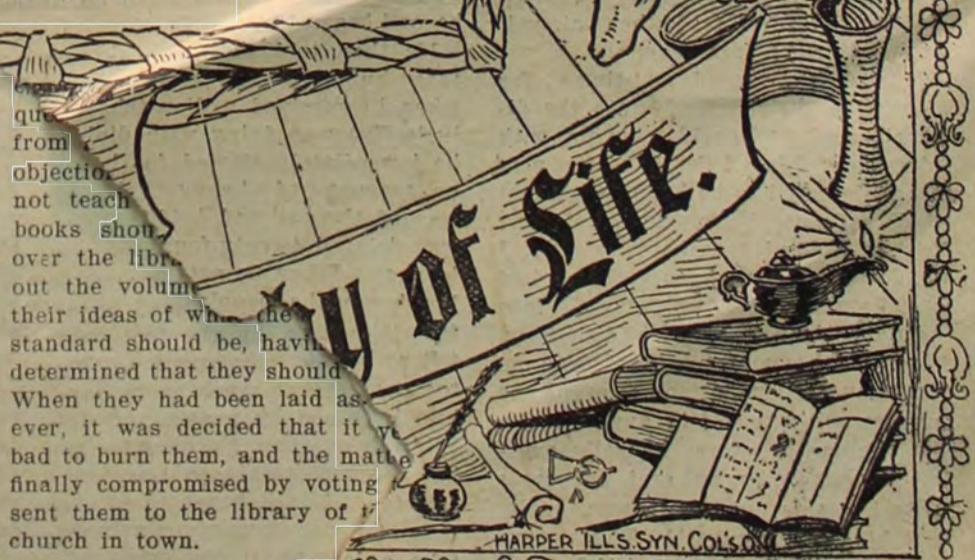
Passed to spirit life, July 1st, 1899, Sister C. L. Bascom of Hartford City, Ct., aged 68 years. She was a Spiritualist, a clairvoyant, business and test medium. Her remains were taken to Brooklyn, N. Y., for cremation.

Mrs. Ann Gilespie, wife of Joseph Gilespie, passed to the spirit life from her home at Cottageville, W. Va., July 15, aged 75 years. She had been a staunch Spiritualist for many years and passed away in the full hope and promise of its teachings.

An Old Nurse for Children.

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

PHYSICAL AND SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE—By Mr. and Mrs. John B. Christney. Cloth, 50cts; postage 11cts.



THE DEAD HAND OF AMERICA
MARTIES UNMASKED — By Elton. 10 cents.

DEPARTMENT OF

PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

Personal Experiences Proving Spirit Return

SOME OF MY PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES.

By Moses Hull.

I tried in my own mind to meet the argument this voice had made; beside this, I tried to account for the voices on some other than the Spiritualistic hypothesis. It is needless to say that in this I failed.

This was not the only setback I received at this time. After the debate closed, as we had to wait for the midnight train we were all invited to the residence of Mr. George Voke to pass away the time until the arrival of the midnight train. Apples were passed around. Mr. Jamieson took his share of them, but as he was eating them, all of a sudden he stopped and went to sleep; in a few moments he began to talk most eloquently. His countenance was changed, so were his voice and the style of his argument. He stated philosophical arguments and answered questions with a profundity which I had never met before. By and bye the influence changed and a slave, who had been set free by death, controlled and gave such manifestations as one might expect. Soon an old minister who was terribly afraid of the devil controlled. He begged of us all to get down on our knees and pray with him, when we refused he got down on his knees and prayed to be delivered from the "snare of the devil," and especially from the spirits of devils. He trembled in view of the inroads that Spiritualism was making on the strong holds of Orthodoxy. Tears rolled down the cheeks of the medium as he lifted his warning voice. Other spirits came, each one bringing some idiosyncrasy, which belonged to no other. When the entrancement left Mr. J. he acted as though he did not know he had been controlled at all. He reached for his plate of apples, and wondered that the rest of the company did not eat apples; for his part he was apple-hungry; and, as I was to travel with him all night, I had better take one. I informed him that I had been eating while he was assuming the different characters he had been playing.

All this set me to thinking more thoroughly than I had ever done before. Indeed that night I felt ready to announce myself as a Spiritualist. When I got home and talked the thing over with my brethren, I decided to wait and look the thing over more thoroughly before I made the final, and, as they thought, fatal leap.

I tried and prayed at times for months to shrink myself into the dimensions where I could again toy with Adventism; I loved the Adventist people, and wanted to be happy with that which had once fed my soul, but their theories seemed to me really silly. I wondered how it happened that I had ever been able to dwarf myself into the dimensions of such childish folly. Adventism became more irksome to me every day. If I undertook to argue the question with myself or any one else my arguments were logically overthrown either by an oral argument made by this unseen power, or by something within myself. These arguments I could not meet, and if I stated

them to another, no matter how great his erudition he could not meet them.

I soon decided that whether Spiritualism was true or not, Adventism was not true. It was at best only a religion in its baby wagon and slobbering bibs. If it was true on one point that of itself made it false in another. The parts of it could not be put together in such a manner as to hide its contradictory parts. I would quit it at once and forever. I had worked a little at trunk making in my younger days; I got my father-in-law to go into partnership with me, and we started a small trunk factory. I rather rejoiced in the fact that I was forever done preaching.

My shop had not been running more than a week when a Mr. Whitney, whom I only knew as the city marshal, came in and expressed surprise that I was not preaching. He asked me if I had deserted the pulpit. I confessed to him that I once believed in and loved Adventism, but now it was to me only child's play—that I had discovered that if it was true in one point that very fact made it necessarily false in another; the matter was so patent that I was astonished that I had not discovered the fact before.

He said, "Well, what do you believe?" "That," said I, "is what I am trying to find out. I can say with Hume, the noted Infidel, that no one theory looked more like truth than another." I added "that Adventism was originally built up on false expositions of Scripture; and while the Adventist people were, for the most part, a good and honorable people, their theories were to me inconsistent and repulsive."

"What do you think of Spiritualism?" said he. I answered, "Its doctrines are sensible and charming, but I know almost nothing about its phenomena."

Well it is enough for me to say that our talk concluded with an earnest invitation for my friend, Mr. Johnson, and myself to attend a seance at his house that night. This we were happy to do. After a few communications, which amounted to but little, Mrs. Whitney was entranced, and said, "Mr. Johnson, there is a little girl who come and calls you papa, and says her name is Eva. We seem to be in the month of April, the turkey pea blossoms are out and very numerous; she takes a bunch of these blossoms and tucks them up in her little bosom and holds them close to her heart and asks if you remember her, and begins to cry." "I do," said

He then told that three hundred miles away was two or three hours' distance, when he received a dispatch to him that his little Eva was dying with diphtheria. He immediately started for home, on account of heavy rain, and washed the railroad bridge, which was delayed twenty-four hours on his journey. When he got home the people said he was dead. From the first he had been ill, and he felt so bad that he could not go to see him. While he lay in bed he thought of his wife and children, and these thoughts caused him to take a long

kissing and weeping over the little dead face, tucked a bunch of those little flowers into her bosom.

I knew Mr. Johnson thoroughly; I believed in him and what he said about that test. I believed in that test as much as if it had come to me personally. I was now ready to proclaim myself a Spiritualist. I was now so anxious for more, and still more, that I sat in seances every night. It was not long before I found myself feeling some mediumistic power. My mother and my wife came to me again and again; they told me of things in my life—things known only to them and myself; indeed they told me of some things that I did not at the time know, but which I afterward found to be true. Whether it was true or not I believed they both came and influenced me.

I was at once developed as an automatic writing medium. Some one who claimed to be my mother wrote through my hand; I was happy, I had got rapport with the spirit world, and the best of all, with my own mother, whom I regarded as the most blessed of all spirits—my own mother! what more did I need to fill my little cup with joy? I anticipated that in all my stay upon earth I was to have the guidance of that same mother who had taught my feet to take their first step, and who in all my youthful days was the one who never failed to point out the best of all roads to me.

My joy was to be of short duration. In a few days I found that even spirits could not be trusted. I detected myself in telling, under this strong influence, the most atrocious falsehoods. My own lips and pen, when purporting to be used indirectly by my own mother not only falsified, but uttered profanities and obscenities. These communications containing these to me sinful messages were not only signed by my mother's name, but the writing was apparently that of my mother. I had none of her writing with which to compare it, but it was her hand-writing, as I remembered it; it was certainly better than I could write.

I became thoroughly disgusted. I knew it was neither my mother nor myself, at the same time I was as positive that it was from an intelligent, unseen source as I was of my existence; and yet I knew it was not my mother; she had never uttered a profane word in her life. I arose from the table, threw the pencil on the floor, and said I would have nothing more to do with Spiritualism. I was convinced that it was the work of one devil, and I left them.

(To be continued)

"WHAT

Neg

thing

COMMUNICATION FROM SPIRIT TECLA.

The last seance held by Mrs. C. B. Bliss in Philadelphia, previous to her departure for Onset, Mass., was a dark seance on June 27, '99. Many spirits came in etherealized form, and among them was Spirit Tecla, a Grecian lady, who passed over A. D. 400, and who is one of Mrs. B.'s cabinet spirits.

Those who have had the good fortune to attend Mrs. B.'s seances know what a lovely and intelligent spirit Tecla is, and blessed is the medium or mortal who has such a grand and noble guide.

The following was written in the dark, pencil and paper being laid on the table, the sitters being between table and cabinet. The writing was so fine and delicate that I was obliged to use a magnifying glass to read it while Mrs. B. writes a large, bold hand. The tracings of the pencil in its rapid flight over the paper could be distinctly heard by the sitters, and while Tecla was doing it she was also making a diamond necklace, which all could see.

To me all this is marvelous, a gem of the first water, and I offer it with the hope that much good may result therefrom. Note how the body is mentioned before the soul, and how the grand gift of healing is extolled. My friends who have that gift, oh cherish it. Also note the astonishing correctness of Bible quotations, and the words of encouragement given to mortals to rightly build for the future.

Mrs. Bliss is the grand, good and generous medium whom the Philadelphia Times tried to destroy several times, but never can or will. If she has failed to convince such of the truth of spirit return, she has convinced more worthy and noble people. Mrs. Bliss is a good woman and a grand medium, the peer of her detractors and jealous rivals.

EMANUEL M. JONES.

"Oh friends! I am asked to write something concerning religion and the Bible. What shall I write? I know what Christ's message is, to those who seek for the truth. Their lives are to be lived in accordance with their belief in the truth. Is this not so?"

THE LIGHT OF TRUTH.

phenomena, philosophy and religion, appealing to the sensuous perceptions through the physical manifestations to the reason, through a calm, cultured judgment, and to the soul's religious affections, and by inspiring spiritual growth. It is not new in the world. The records of India and Egypt, China and Assyria, the Old Testament, abound in descriptions of angels appearing and spiritual manifestations; in vision, dream and trance, in oracles, prophesies, levitations, visions, healing gifts, and to use the apostle's language, 'the discerning of spirits.' Healing—a great power, and the Old and New Testament speak of it. Christ's expressed command to all his preachers was to heal the sick, as you see in Luke 1 and 2, Mark 3 and 15, and 16 and 18, Luke 10 and 9, Matthew 10 and 1-8, and He told them to teach and preach whatsoever he commanded them, and He would be with them always, even unto the end of the world, Matt. 28: 19-20. Ah, my friends, we should receive 'the truth wherever found, on Christian or on heathen ground,' and condemn error alike in all. Compare the new Testament with the Mosaic law, how marked the difference, how opposite their teachings; which demonstrates that in their teachings they have emanated from different degrees of intelligence. The great lesson we are to learn and keep ever in our hearts is this, that there is always a divine help for us, that always there is a shining ladder let down from heaven, upon which the spirits come and go, that never is an Infinite Love weary of watching over us all, in all that comes to us, in all that smites, in all the hardest trial, in the bitterest grief, in the darkest of life's mysteries, there is a benevolent purpose. All will end well. All is now for the best, or it would not be so. Any system of religion, philosophy or science, which does not elevate and refine the physical and spiritual natures of serious con-

known to the world as believers, many of them hidden away in the bosom of orthodox churches. Few suspect that such Nicodemuses have mediums in their own families. If your mediums only choose to reveal the secrets of their little sanctums, they could astonish your orthodox friends; the Catholic priest would figure in that revelation, the Protestant minister in good standing, the lawyer not unknown to fame. Such, friends of my heart, is a very brief and imperfect sketch of the influences and development of this thing called Spiritism. It has no exact parallel in the history of any similar movement in bygone times. It has no earthly pope, cardinal, bishop, priest or deacon to guide it—nor even an acknowledged leader of any kind to pilot its course.

Its adherents are intensely individual. You can hardly bind them firmly together. It would be almost as difficult an operation as to spin a rope out of the sands of the seashore. The reason of this is obvious, for almost every household has an unseen, unmetred bishop of its own. The clergy have an easy and cheap method of trying to rid the world of Spiritism, thus explaining, 'It is the work of evil spirits,' like the baffled enemies of Jesus, 'He hath a devil and casteth out devils by Beelzebub, the prince of devils.' Ah me! just think of it, that we must believe that our good God has let loose the inhabitants of darkness; but that the good angels of heaven are not permitted to visit the earth on errands of mercy to help poor mortals. Ah, no, no, no; only mortals say such, for as your Lord Bacon says, 'It were better to have no opinion of God at all than to have such an opinion as is unworthy of Him;' for the one is disbelief, the other contumely; and certainly superstition is the reproach of the Deity. Your Plutarch said 'well is that purpose. Surely, I would rather have men say that there was no such man as Plutarch than they should say there was one Plutarch that would eat his children as soon as they were born;' and as the contumely is greater towards God, so the danger is greater towards

CONCLUSION.

Its thirst for knowledge and with its treble crown of the bosom of the Infinite, see the light of the souls, unfettered by our knowledge, will burst the bonds, and shall Fath-

A CONSIDERATION OF MALTHUSIANISM.

Among the phases of human life that are gaining recognition and exciting discussion where they were formerly only local or treated in isolated instances, is Malthusianism; that the evils of poverty and crime that follow are from the overproduction of the human race, above supply of food, and the prospective disaster to follow a still wider separation of supply and demand.

It is most apparent that if Nature did not provide for the destruction of various forms of life, any one would populate the earth, to the exclusion of all other forms of life. The fecundity of nature is most bounteous. The propagation of the human species is under the same law; and that population will ever exceed the demands of nature in any stated period of development, is to assume there is no governing principle or law of demand and corresponding supply in nature.

Progress in utilities keeps pace with demand. This is illustrated in the breeding of better stock. Where formerly one pound of butter a day made from one cow was considered the limit and seldom reached, two pounds per day is equally as common. The same increase in the breeding of seeds, where the productiveness is doubled; also in the cultivation of the soil.

We find in the lower forms of life propagation is more prolific than on the more advanced planes. This is true with the human species as well. Just as fast as nature has use for the higher type or the concentration of quantity into quality, will the change come, and not by the attempt of restricting propagation.

For instance, but for the influx of foreigners the distinctive American type would have become extinct. As a type they ran to brain and nerve susceptibility, without a corresponding physical basis. Yet while at least there is use for the man that is a splendid animal—not, however, of distinctively sensualistic qualities.

All lower forms of life have their proper place in the economy of law, lower types of man forming no exception. Any attempt to limit offspring except by intelligence and education will be a failure. The average length of life is much less with the lower classes, though the birth rate is much in the ascendency.

As intimated in the foregoing, the number of offspring will doubtless be lessened as education advances; in the meantime nature is caring for herself in the greater mortality where the birth rate is the highest.

There is a little poem one stanza of which illustrates the needless anxiety sometimes indulged in:

"The sun's heat will give out in ten million years more.
It will surely give out then if it doesn't before,
I worried about it.
And surely give out, so the scientists said,
The whole mighty universe then
will be dead,
I worried about it."

Don't worry about nature's supply for demand will last at least, beyond a thousand years, and give us any deep pleasure.

Never, deeply actuated by the race as they are, establishing their development every year, economic

says in example over members to any their economic are properly ad-

If there is any market the fault is in our population, but in our economic adjustments, that need to be changed. With education will come the important study of heredity.

J. R. TALLMADGE.
Elkhart, Wis.

SOCIETY'S DUTY TO DISCHARGED CONVICTS.

"Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more."

By Sylvanus Lyon.

Philanthropy's question points to great-needed and truly beautiful charity, and the simplest answer to carry this out is by following the teaching of the meek and lowly one, "I was sick and in prison and ye visited me;" "I was hungry and ye gave me meat;" "I was thirsty and ye gave me drink;" "I was a stranger and ye took me in." Such motives and actions would easily accomplish the great and good work for the discharged convict. And in answer we propose to deal with this question on the basis of all true charity, showing its paying benefits—the good to society—how it is ever wise to protect with care and prevent crime, not to force vice, but to grow virtue; and thus to change into good citizens the criminals; but it is now an important point to care for, protect and aid to a new life the prisoner. How can they get these aids with a "State's prison record," no money or friends, and shunned by society?

To carry out this great reform charity, there should be prison relief societies, with good officers and competent workers. First, to fully ascertain the character, life and work of the prisoner, and his chances for the future, and to let him know of this aid. Second, to protect and guide (for a little time at least) the unfortunate in some way to a better life, aiding him to become a good citizen.

For this work we require, good, noble philanthropists to devote their time and love to the work, namely: "Protecting the erring," "saving the lost" and "redeeming the unfortunate."

Now this is truly a noble and beautiful charity, and it would pay large returns to societies and cities. By guiding and loving these erring ones you would prevent vice, intemperance and crime and future lives of misery; for it is much better and cheaper to prevent than punish crime.

The Christlike, the beautiful, the good and holy are always the greatest and best for each person, every state. This is grown of kindness, sympathy and love to the weak and fallen. This gives strength and power to the godlike. Let these influences and teachings guide us to practically bless the laborers and poor, and thus cure depravity and vice and fulfill society's duty to the discharged convict.

The Montreal Street Railway company has at its own cost insured all its employes against accident or total disablement to the extent of \$1,000. A substantial increase of wages has been granted to all motormen and conductors who have been in the service of the company for two years, while uniforms will be supplied every five years' service, with the company.

VISION OF JOSEPH HOAG.

THE SOFT ANSWER.

UNDER

MISCELLANEOUS.

SUICIDE FROM A SPIRITUAL STANDPOINT.

To the Editor—In view of the increasing prevalence of the mad and mistaken act of self-murder, no apology is required, I think, in touching on this subject.

The importance of it as regards the individual, the ignorance surrounding it outside the comparatively few enlightened Spiritualists, almost warrants my saying that a few pithy words of warning against this evil deserve a prominent place in a corner of your paper.

That the results of the act are chiefly confined to the other life and that from this side the object sought seems to be attained, accounts, I suppose, for the indifference with which the matter is generally regarded and the few efforts made to eradicate it.

The surprising part to any one at all spiritually developed is the mistaken idea that one can get away from one's self and from one's environment by quitting the fleshly body. Although superfluous to most of your readers, it may be allowed to enter into the facts of the case, one human being saved from so dark a future being ample recompense for the space occupied in your journal.

A man is a spirit whether functioning in the fleshly body or in the spiritual body and the environment and circumstances in which he may be at any time are chiefly of his own creation, consciously or unconsciously, or are induced by the higher powers that have control of each one's destiny, the various experiences he encounters being necessary to the development of his character.

This being allowed, as I presume it will be, to force the ego out of the fleshly body achieves nothing whatever as regards changing the environment of the ego. On the contrary, the spiritual world being a state of more intense activity and sensibility, one's consciousness is enhanced rather than diminished. Instead of shuffling off responsibilities and getting out of disagreeable surroundings, and, as the ignorant imagine, either bringing the appreciated life to a sudden end or else awakening in a land quite unconnected with this life and starting afresh among altogether new conditions, one finds one's difficulties and burdens increased and intensified.

A developed ego will realize that the earthly experiences met with are absolutely necessary to the unfoldment of itself and will welcome them, however hard to bear, as means to an end. A well lived out earth life is, in fact, the greatest privilege that can be accorded to an entity; and a life ended prematurely is a loss in any case, and when cut short by suicide is an act of self-robery, which will require much suffering to expiate.

The moral is to bear cheerfully all the experiences of the earth life and endeavor to rise above them, thus strengthening the individual character instead of weakening it by a cowardly retreat.

It has been said that endurance is love. It is so, in that a strong character capable of great endurance is very estimable and lovable, as all self-controlled natures are; and is also, necessarily endowed with the great love.

Joseph Hoag was born in the year 1762, and resided in early life in the state of New York, but removed to Vermont, where he died in 1846. His parents being members of the religious society of Friends, he had a birthright membership. He and his wife (Huldah) were both ministers and highly esteemed. They had a large family, and all of their children became ministers. The vision, although not printed and made public until within a few years, was well known to his family and a number of his friends many years before any part of it was fulfilled.

In the year 1803, in the eighth or ninth month, I was one day alone in the field and observed that the sun shone clear, but a mist eclipsed its brightness.

As I reflected upon the singularity of the event, my mind was struck into a silence the most solemn I ever remember to have witnessed; for all my faculties were low, and unusually brought into deep silence. I said to myself: "What can all this mean? I do not recollect ever before to have been sensible of such feelings."

And I heard a voice from heaven saying: "This which thou seest is a sign of the present coming times. I took the forefathers of this country from a land of oppression. I placed them here among the people of the forest; I sustained them, and while they were humble I blessed them and fed them, and they became a numerous people. But they have now become proud, and have forgotten Me, who nourished them and protected them in the wilderness, and are running into every abomination and evil practice of which the old countries are guilty, and have taken quietude from the land and suffered a dividing spirit to come among them; lift up thine eyes and behold." And I saw them dividing in great heat. The division began in the churches on points of doctrine; it commenced in the Presbyterian society and went through the various religious denominations, and in its progress and close its effects were the same. Those who dissented went off with high heads and taunting language, and those who kept to their original sentiments appeared exercised and sorrowful. And when the dividing spirit entered the Society of Friends it raged in as high degree as in any I had noticed or before discovered, and, as before, those who had separated went off with lofty looks and taunting censuring language; those who kept their ancient principles retired by themselves. It next appeared in the lodges of the Free Masons; it broke out in appearance like a volcano, inasmuch as it set the country in an uproar for a time.

Then it entered politics throughout the United States and did not stop until it produced a civil war. An abundance of blood was shed in the course of the combat; the southern states lost their power and slavery was annihilated from their borders. Then aarchical power sprang up, to government of the States, established a national religion, and made a tributary to support its expense, them take property from others, was amazed at beholding it. I heard a voice proclaim:

This power shall not be destroyed, but with it I will go. until they return to the land of their forefathers. This is coming upon America, the red man, the negro, the Indian, the colored man, all come up before me.

This power shall not be destroyed, had, and all

To the Editor: In the letter of Mr. A. K. Venning in the July 8th number, he remarks: "It would be interesting to learn the source of Mr. Ferris' misconception," as to the alleged anarchism of himself and John Ruskin. The mere taunt of a misconception would not be sufficient excuse for inflicting upon your readers a further discussion of the subject, which was anent the idea of aristocracy, true and false. The public is probably not interested in any misconception that I might form, nor as to whether it were a misconception or not, except in so far as it is pertinent to the main question, which is one of general interest and grave importance.

I believe, however, that I owe an explanation to Mr. Venning for applying to him and his favorite author an appellation that I had reason to believe he would resent. In the first place I must confess that I felt at the time of writing the severe criticism of his views as to the means of attaining his ideal (and mine) of a "government by the competent few," that it was hardly justified by what he had actually said. The criticism, however, was not intended as a personal attack, but as a protest against the strong tendency of current events and thought in the direction of government not based upon the consent of the governed, but upon imperial power, "from the top down," through that gross and false form of aristocracy born of selfishness and greed, and bolstered up by mere political power and material advantage, which is only another form of slavery.

At the same time it is true that I felt a resentment toward Mr. V. for misrepresenting the Anarchists. But it was, after all, merely a repetition of the popular misrepresentation; and his reference to them as people who expect to come out on top through a revision of the "spoils" is no more than is to be expected of people educated to the belief that a system of mutual snobbery is the highest form of social organization possible to civilized man; and those intuitive suggestions of the better nature that there or ought to be a more rational and ethical way are but the depravity of the

which alone needs the open expression of high treason of the kind. It is

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"Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf,
There is no shape more terrible than this."

—The Man With the Hoe," Markham.

Look into that last gulf O poet, I pray thee,

Down, down where its nether cape leans,
And find there, God help us! a shape to gainsay thee,

A shape that affrighted the fiends—
And listen! Oh listen! for through all the thunder,

A voice crieth heavy with woe;
"I! I! am the woman, the woman that's under

The heel of the 'Man with the Hoe!'"

She is the begotten of derelict ages,
Of systems pulseant the flaw;

She is the forgotten of singers and sages;

The creature of lust and law."

The tale of the terror, the ox's brute brother,

Can never be told overmuch;
But she is the vassal and she is the mother,

The thrice-accursed mother of such.

Look down from that last gulf, thou newest evangeli!

Look up to the pleading pale face of the angel

That wooeth a Prince of the Pen.

And sometimes, a little, though all the world wonder

And critics cry high and cry low—

Sing out for the woman, the woman that's under

The heel of "The Man of the Hoe."

—Hester A. Benedict.

A QUESTION OF ETHICS.

Here is the case of a dry goods store proprietor of Racine, Wis., and one of his clerks named Vladislav Altmann. Altmann took in a dollar of 1804 in payment for some goods, and got \$1,000 for the rare coin from a Chicago dealer. Now the proprietor claims that the coin should have gone into his till.

A TRUE BRAIN.

Can Be Built by the Right Materials.

The statement is made and is susceptible of proof that brains are built somewhat as a wall or house is of certain defined materials.

W.

THE LIGHT OF TRUTH.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Robert Ingersoll—Let All Speak Out.

Editor Light of Truth—Thanks for your timely publication last week of strong extracts from a late speech of Robert Ingersoll, "Ingersoll to McKinley," a brave and needed condemnation of the Philippine war. Let all your readers find and read it again.

A great Christian Endeavor convention had just been held here, and over 25,000 persons endorsed its official statement, "We war against war," as favoring international "peace on earth." So far, good and commendable; but they all knew of the wicked strife in the Philippines, "Not in the name of liberty but against it; not adding glory to our flag, but staining that starry emblem with the blood and tears of a people fighting for the right of self-government," as Ingersoll said.

I heard, or saw reported, no word or opinion touching the fearful fight now going on in the distant islands of the Pacific, where "the pestilence walketh by noonday" and the battle roar makes the night hideous.

President Clark called for cheers for Dewey, and the response of thoughtless emotion came from ten thousand bearers. Only this and nothing more!

This style of Christian Endeavor, fighting war in the abstract and at long range, shows poorly in comparison with the high courage of a man branded as an infidel, who speaks his word when it can be a blow against bloody conquest.

All honor for any good work that Christian Endeavor may do, but it must develop more courage to be of great use.

It is a good sign for the quality of Spiritualism that its leading journals and writers and speakers oppose this wicked Philippine war.

The Light of Truth should have credit due for its share in this needed work.

The correspondents of several Chicago and New York leading journals, and of the Associated Press, have just sent home their formulated charges from Manilla of imperfect and misleading reports and of undue censorship of press by General Otis, commanding the United States army.

I believe they are largely right; but when they offer proofs a strong opposition will be met.

Let all defend the liberty of the press.

Let every Spiritualist camp meeting speak out against a war for foreign conquest, carried on in opposition to our time-honored usages.

The matter is too great to be limited to party or sect.

GILES B STEBBINS.
Detroit, Mich.

AUGUST LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

Hamlin Garland, Anthony Hope, John Kendrick Bangs, Harold Richard Vynne, Anna Robeson Brown, "Josiah Allen's Wife," Clara Morris, Kate Whiting Patch and Anna Farquhar are among the half-score of writers of fiction who contribute stories to the August Ladies' Home Journal. The Midsummer Fiction Number of the Journal is in many respects a notable magazine. "Josiah Allen's Wife" (Marietta Holley) has finished her new story, and the first installment is published. It is in her characteristic humorous vein, but may be said to be a story with a purpose. It bears the name of "My Stylish Cousin's Daughter."

PHYSICAL AND SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE—By Mr. and Mrs. John B. Christy. Cloth, 50 cts; postage 11 cts.

LETTER FROM JANE D. CHURCHILL.

To the Editor: I am more than pleased to note the stand the Light of Truth has taken in regard to our mediums. It is indeed time our spiritual press should take sides with those through whom alone we may find positive proof of a future existence. We have been too ready to cry fraud and to denounce without sufficient evidence the instruments of the angel world. There is not a physical medium. I will venture to say, that has not been called a fraud at some time, by some one, while hundreds of others will most emphatically declare their manifestations genuine and reliable. We should be very careful how we brand any medium a fraud until we better understand the laws that govern mediumship. We should also see to it that we do not bring a fraudulent element into the seance room. Some go in a critical spirit, ready to find fault with whatever may occur, expecting more than the spirit world can give under existing conditions. There are conditions innumerable both on this and the other side of life that interfere with and change the character of spirit manifestations, and this is one of the things we have to learn and remember.

Until we provide schools for the careful and enlightened development of mediums, and salary those who give their time as teachers and demonstrators of our religion's philosophy, the same as the Christian church does its ministers, then go to them with clean hearts where no thought of fraud finds place, accepting gratefully whatever the spirit world can give through their organisms, and not holding the mediums responsible for what may take place, the less we have to say about fraudulent mediums the more it will be to our credit.

I do not wish to be understood as upholding a class of imitators who go about the country posing as mediums and gulling the public. I refer to our tried and tested mediums, whether old or new laborers in the spiritual vineyard—these our spiritual press should stand by ever and always, regardless of the cry of fraud or the shafts of slander. Its countenance and support will give them courage and heart to continue their work with the angel world, and will be an incentive to provide the best conditions possible for their manifestations as far as they are concerned. I heartily endorse every word of the Light of Truth's editorial entitled "The Light of Truth and the Mediums," and can say most emphatically with it, that "good or bad, as against the world of Mammon and its unrighteousness, its slander and its greed, I am for our mediums."

JANE D. CHURCHILL.

OBITUARIES.

Passed to spirit life, July 1st, 1899, Sister C. L. Bascom of Hartford City, Ct., aged 68 years. She was a Spiritualist, a clairvoyant, business and test medium. Her remains were taken to Brooklyn, N. Y., for cremation.

Mrs. Ann Gillespie, wife of Joseph Gillespie, passed to the spirit life from her home at Cottageville, W. Va., July 15, aged 75 years. She had been a staunch Spiritualist for many years and passed away in the full hope and promise of its teachings.

An Old Nurse for Children.

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

ALAS! 'TIS TOO TRUE.

I have often complained of the secular press for their shortcomings, particularly in regard to their treatment of Spiritualists and Freethinkers; their biased reports of public lectures, conventions, etc. Having been in the newspaper business for nearly 50 years, I ought to know something about the record. But I will let one of the distinguished journalists speak for himself. John Swinton is alleged to have spoken at a banquet of New York newspaper men in 1883, as follows:

"There is no such thing in America as an independent press, unless it is out in the country towns. You are all slaves! You know it and I know it. There is not one of you that dares express an honest opinion. I am paid \$150 per week for keeping honest opinions out of the paper I am connected with. The man who would be so foolish as to write honest opinions would soon be out on the street hunting for another job. The business of a New York journalist is to distort the truth; to lie outright; to pervert; to vilify, to fawn at the feet of Mammon, and to sell his country and his race for his daily bread. We are the tools and vassals of rich men behind the scenes. We are intellectual prostitutes and our time, our talents and our possibilities are all the property of other men."

To which I will add, if this was true 16 years ago, how much more true is it in 1899, when Mammon has increased his store under the gold standard, and his ability to control and corrupt the press is increasing daily, with the multiplication of trusts and combines.

In the popular play of "Damon and Pythias," written about a century ago, more or less, the "star of the drama, addressing the senate, says:

"There is now
No public virtue left in Syracuse.
What should be hoped from a degenerate,
Corrupted and voluptuous populace,
When highly-born and meanly-minded nobles
Would barter freedom for a great man's feast,
And sell their country for a smile?
The stream,
With a more sure, eternal tendency,
Seeks not the ocean, than a sensual race
Their own devouring slavery!"

C. H. MATHEWS.
New Philadelphia, Ohio.

The committee on library in the Sunday school of a church in one of Portland's suburban villages, says a Maine newspaper, recently determined that some of the books of the library were not exactly proper for Sunday school books, and took it upon themselves to expurgate the library. The books in question were of a very high class from a literary standpoint, and their objection to them was that they did not teach religion as Sunday school books should. The committee went over the library carefully and picked out the volumes which did not meet their ideas of what the Sunday school standard should be, having previously determined that they should be burned. When they had been laid aside, however, it was decided that it was too bad to burn them, and the matter was finally compromised by voting to present them to the library of the other church in town.

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HO DIAVOLOS, MAYOR OF INFERN.

TELLS A COLUMBUS MAN HOW THE CITY IS RUN.

Dedicated to American Municipalities.

By Dr. C. S. Carr.

In these latter days, because of the indifference of a perverse generation, little is known or written of the Kingdom of Darkness, either of its habitations or inhabitants. Worldly interests so far outweigh in the minds of the people of this skeptical age matters pertaining to the under-world of demons that a large number of the people are reared, even from childhood, with no instruction concerning it. It is sometimes hinted by those who stand in high places that there be no such world, and even my existence is denied. But, more commonly, my existence is simply ignored, and neither the good things nor the bad things that hath formerly been said of men have been faithfully taught to this generation.

It is loosely thought by the multitude that I and my kingdom hath a place somewhere; yet very remote and indistinct. Where and how my forces doth touch or plague the world has been relegated to that shadowy field of knowledge which belongeth to the superstitions, fables and old wives' tales.

It hath been many times reported to me that there is a belief common among men that my kingdom is a sinecure, and that my subjects are passive instruments to my behests. That all who come to me are bad and only bad, and for that reason become willing messengers of evil design. That since we are all agreed to do evil, and evil only, that we have therefore one purpose, out of which arises the most complete, but Satanic order.

To correct this, and many other mistaken impressions, which prevail concerning me and my kingdom with Medieval theologians and which latter day Spiritualists have failed to clear up, I have deemed it expedient to declare somewhat in detail the exact state of my affairs. It is thought that my sway in my dominions is supreme; that my will is law, and that my wish subdues everything. That all this is accomplished without those necessary and inevitable tribulations that doth beset rulers of the sons of men. In what measure these things be true of me and my dominion, I shall endeavor to make appear.

In the first place, it is well known that the materials with which I have to keep the forces of perdition at work are furnished me from the earth. The city of Inferno, in which I am expected to keep alive the horrors of pandemonium, includes within itself no intrinsic evil. It, like other localities, depends for any evil it may possess, on its inhabitants. If Inferno contains any fire or brimstone or any other undesirable ingredients, it is because they were brought to it by those who have been consigned to its domains. Our city is justly reputed to be a bad one, but its badness in no wise depends on its locality or scenery or unwholesomeness of climate, as may have been alleged; but on the moral condition of its dwellers. It is called hell, but it is only so because each

newcomer brings a bit of the unholy presence along. Because of the ungodly reputation of my rule and subjects, our city hath become famous throughout the length and breadth of the earth, and as yet we have been able to maintain our precedence over all other cities of the universe, although it can not be denied that there be others whose disgratitude is in a measure like ours.

In the early Inferno, it did appear as if it would always be no large task to keep its citizens in manifest disquiet and wretchedness. Two circumstances combined to make it thus. First, only those whowere denominated impious are sent to us, who as a matter of fact do include persons of strong individuality, otherwise headstrong, not easily brought under any form of discipline, or made willing subjects to fixed rules, good or bad.

Second, Inferno, having no government, but every one doing whatever seemeth good in his own mind, it was confidently expected that an intensified sort of anarchy would continually ensue. This, indeed, was the case for many ages, which state was rendered more certain by the disposition of those who continually found their way to our precincts. In those good old days Inferno was verily all that its name implieth. Suddenly freed from all restraint of the arbitrary laws of men, the wretched multitude of lost souls came tumbling into perdition a wrangling, worrying, contentious horde of demons. Jealousies, lying, hatred and envy prevailed for many ages, and hell was the pride of all demondom, and included in its borders every species of discord and misery.

But as time waxed old and ages multiplied, I discovered to my consternation a growing tendency toward a better state of things. There were two circumstances which, taken together, were silently working an overthrow of the demoniacal spirit of my dominions. First, the indefinite duration of existence to which all mankind is subjected in the life beyond the grave tends toward convincing them of the folly of every sort of unrighteousness. During the short period of earthly existence many mortals do not make this discovery, but end their terrestrial careers in the belief that well doing is not as profitable, on the whole, as evil devices. Most of those who come here have this faith well grounded, and begin at once a course of life in strict keeping with such faith, much to my satisfaction. As time passes and centuries of strife drag their weary length along, the conviction gradually begins to steal into minds of all that no good and much pain can only come from such a course. Hence it is that many do, of their own accord, leave off the turmoil of strife and contention, settling themselves down in relations of peace and fraternity. Their case is rendered hopeless of reformation by the fact that each one becomes convinced by his own experience that much more happiness is obtained by gentle and decorous behavior than by anarchy or conquest. When this idea once got foothold in our city it began to spread rapidly, and many became convinced that peacefulness and virtue were, after all, only other names for satisfaction; and since satisfaction was the very thing for which all had been

striving through the weary centuries we had passed, it required no argument to cause them to give heed to the idea that had been so long in finding its way into their minds. Second, there being no arbitrary restraints or compulsions in our city, which is devoid of any sort of government, whatsoever, when once a tendency on the part of our society began to manifest itself, it was sure to spread through the whole community. This seems to be true because of the fact that no one is commanded to obey or not to obey, and hence none but natural antipathies and preference are aroused. Having neither proselytes nor policemen, our people are left to select the action which pleases them most. Hence ideas spread naturally, without any abnormal check or assistance.

These two circumstances, it was easy for me to foresee, would finally overthrow the perpetual discontent of my regions and gradually convert it into that very paradise which we originally set out to oppose.

It became manifest to me that something must be done. The heresy that righteousness is a more desirable thing than lawlessness must be put down. At first I merely ignored the matter, knowing full well by experience that opposition is the best sort of atmosphere in which any sort of heresy can thrive. I thought perchance it would soon tire itself out and, after a season of the quietude, the monotony of rest would cause them to relapse into their original pandemonium. But not so. The heresy spread. Vast territories of my dominions seemed entirely under its sway. The solemnity and peace of the Sabbath day began to appear, mocking my power, and giving the lie to my pretensions of satanic rule. I could no longer hide from myself the fact that active interference with this peace must be made.

Accordingly a council was called, in which all of my cohorts and vicegerents took part. There being among my hosts of imps, many who had visited the remotest parts of the universe on errands of satanic mischief, much information was brought into our council, concerning the ways of men in all parts of the created universe. I found by questioning some of these that they were acquainted with the customs of many cities in terrestrial regions, which, if properly introduced into my domains, would be likely to restore to me the old reign of devastation and disorder so becoming to my city. For it must not be forgotten that, like as the reputation of Paradise depends upon its heavenly conditions, so also the reputation of hell depends upon the hellishness of its inhabitants. It seemed to myself, and the council certain that if we could but introduce into the under-world of demons certain usages which had been adopted in many cities of the earth, and, more especially, in the cities of that peculiar domain known as the United States of America, the glory of our ancient pandemonium would soon return to us. We therefore decided to found, in the place of our time honored anarchy, a government in hell, which should be copied faithfully after some one of the many municipal governments of earth, that the quietude of pleasant fraternities should be driven from our shores, nevermore to return.

It will, no doubt, appear trite and tedious to the inhabitants of any earthly city for me to recite here the details of the government which we decided to adopt, as all who read the papers or in any wise inform themselves concerning the affairs of men are already familiar with what seems to us in hell as being new. But, nevertheless, it seems expedient to me that I should

dicate in detail exactly the methods which we adopted, even though it may seem dull to the reader, since it worked so effectually and promptly to restore to us that bitterness of spirit and general suspicion one of another which all men have a right to expect of those that dwell in Hades.

First, we divided our inhabitants into two companies. We called one company Republicans, and the other company we called Democrats. Then we said to the company that we called Democrats: "Bestir thyself, now, and elect of thy company a goodly number of persons to rule over hell. Appoint some persons to make laws, and other persons to execute them, and still other persons to judge of the correctness of these laws. Leave no natural fraternity and activity of our inhabitants untouched. Prescribe arbitrary rules for everything. Indicate no faith whatever in the natural tendency of things, for this has already destroyed our pandemonium and reduced us to that sickly and saddening condition known as peace. Make laws, make plenty of them! Provide people with guns and clubs to execute them. Select the people to carry these guns and clubs from among those who are strong and brutal, if, indeed, there be any such left in hell."

Then we called to us the other company of people, named Republicans, and repeated to them the same things that we had said to the Democrats, and we sent the two companies abroad to begin their work of devastation.

After many months of turmoil, agitation, slander, vituperation, and every species of unholy feeling, the Democrats succeeded in gathering the largest number of votes, by which means their company of law-makers and rulers were elected. The nature of the conflict was such that only the worst people constituting the victorious company succeeded in obtaining an office. Those who were inclined to be fair, and reasonable, and peaceful, would not consent to do those things which are required of those who receive such offices.

The rule of the Democrats began. Their whole thought was to so rule the people as to insure their re-election, while the behavior of the other company was entirely actuated by the desire to, in some way, defeat their re-election. It afforded us great pleasure to note that quietude and order had banished from among us, and hostility and hatred had become commonplace.

Knowing the capacity of human nature, however, to adjust itself to any condition, we feared to leave the Democrats in power too long, because even brutal men become humanized after the novelty of brutality has passed, and the natural tendency to be kind to all men begins to assert itself. In order to avert this calamity, as soon as the slightest tendency to peace began to manifest itself we caused the Republicans to win an election, and thus stirred up again, in their original fury, the scorching flames of wrath and the suffocating fumes of envy and disappointment.

We noted with glee that the new order of things was always a little worse than the old order; that newly invested authority always brought its rich crop of arrogance and insolence. But such is human nature that to leave either company in power too long was sure to produce symptoms of content and apathy in our society. Greed, after a time, becomes satiated; lust becomes surfeited; anger becomes appeased; cruelty satisfied; then to let loose another hungry horde who had been long kept back from enjoying these felicities, acted as an unfailing panacea against every semblance of

fraternity and good will. Thus, when the fires of hell begin to languish, and its inhabitants begin to forget their misery and wretchedness, we have only to change our administration. We have only to put the "ins" out, and the "outs" in, to fully realize the ancient glory of hell, where fire and fumes do burn and suffocate, night and day, without end.

These companies differ in nothing concerning any important subject. Their only wish is to beat each other. Like as a stoker doth stir the fires in order that flame and fuel may be properly commingled, so doth hell, today, stoke its fires periodically, by having an election, by which those in power are put out, and those that have no power are put in.

Oh, thou cities of the United States, receive the blessing of thy erstwhile master, Diabolos. Call me no longer master, but call, me, rather, humble pupil and beneficiary. Thou hast taught me the secret of perpetual and everlasting discord. Thou hast shown me the way to keep ever alive hatred and envy in the hearts of creatures who are naturally inclined to love each other.

The methods that thou hast taught me are ample and multitudinous. We have adopted them all. We have our national elections, once in four years, in which hell is set in motion from center to circumference. We have our state elections. We have our city elections. We have commissions and boards and councils, numberless, so that a continual turmoil doth happen, ever repeating itself, making quietude impossible and good cheer impracticable.

Only those few incorrigible ones who turn from this whole governmental scene in disgust have anything resembling happiness. To those we are sending missionaries, continually exhorting them to bestir themselves and take part in governmental affairs, and thus it is we keep their company to be a small one, and have little or no influence in our affairs.

Thus hell has become he.. again, and pandemonium is once more pandemonium. To thee, O earth, be all the praise, forever more. Amen.

C. S. CARR.

A CORRECTION.

Editor Light of Truth: Will you please insert the correction of an error; my error, not yours? The true figures in that horrid Malthusian article of mine which you published in the number of July 22 are far more appalling than I put it. There are over 15½ times as many people in the U. S. as there were 100 years ago.

The present population is at least 74,000,000. Multiply that by 15½, the same ratio of increase, and it makes the population in the United States in the year 2000 1,480,000,000 instead of 600,000,000, as I stated it. Now what I want is to have reformers look this fact square in the face and recognize it in their writings. If the figures are not right correct them; but it is not the part of wisdom to ignore. It is a mistake to say that I advocate the idea that "Nature is a failure." What I advocate is that Nature is inflexible in her methods and the human race will not escape misery till it becomes wise and prudent enough to not over-populate.

SAMUEL BLODGETT.

The saddest tears are those that never fall,
But are held smarting in the aching eyes.
The truest prayers can find no words at all,
But flutter wearily to God, in sighs.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

DOES DEATH DESTROY MEMORY?

By Lois Waisbrooker.

Brother Charles Dawbarn has been one of my ideals as a writer on spiritual matters, but I find in a Chicago paper of March the 4th an article on the above subject with which I can not agree. Mr. Dawbarn says:

"Death changes all vibrations to such an extent that the spirit organism becomes invisible to the mortal eye. Therefore, death destroys all memory of earth life."

Here we have the premises and the conclusion, and admitting the first to be true, the last is inevitable. But I can not admit that the premises are correct. Vibrations are made from the center of intelligence outward, and are carried to the intelligence of the second party from the surface inward, therefore the fact that when we drop the physical covering the vibrations

That communications are beset with difficulties I am well aware, and that a large per cent of what are called spirit communications are but the undeveloped spiritual power of the medium acting unconsciously upon the atmosphere of the mind or minds of the persons present, I am well satisfied is true, but the positive experiences of many mediums and of Spiritualists with mediums tend to disprove the idea that death closes the book of earthly memory. It may temporarily take away the power to express what we know, as that is often done in this life, but there is abundant evidence that even this is not true of all. It may, and doubtless does, depend upon the use of our spiritual faculties while here as to how it will be when we leave the body.

It is related of Isaac T. Hopper, the well known Philadelphia Quaker abolitionist, that at 4 o'clock Judge Edmonds bade him farewell, and at 7

customed to giving will be the most difficult to give through the organization of another after we have left the body, and who does not know that we speak our own name much less often than we do the names of others, and that the words relating to common topics are spoken much oftener than either. May it not be true then, that though we do not forget our names it may not be as easy to speak them till we have heard them again through mortal lips? Now I do not say that this is so, for I do not see quite clearly myself, but I throw out the idea for the investigation of analytical minds.

I once knew a little Scotch tailor who was both a trance and an automatic writing medium, but not for the public. One evening I called upon one of the girls in the shop and as I started to go John handed me a communication that he had just written signed George. Now I well knew who George was, but as I read it there came a wish that he would sign something more. The next morning I read the communication over with the same feeling saying to myself, there are so many Georges; and then went to see the medium about another communication that was on the same sheet. I stood on one side of his cutting table and he the other, when he said, I feel that writing influence in my arm, and seizing his pencil he wrote under the word George, G. P. W., initials of the man's name. I had not thought of my wish after coming into the presence of the medium, and I know he did not know the initials. Now here was both memory and mind reading by the spirit. My spirit friend had read my wish before I came into the presence of the medium, for I had not thought of it after I came into his presence.

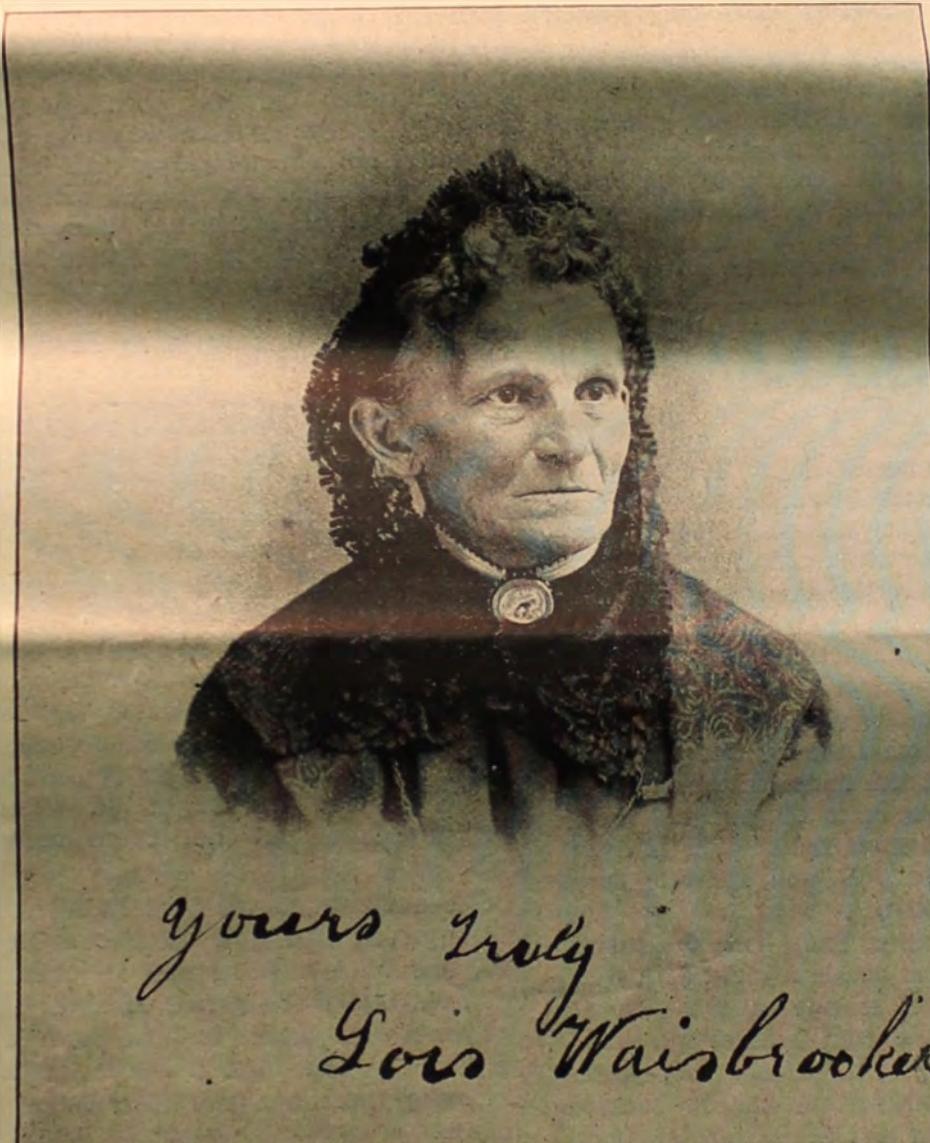
Again: If while in the body the ego, through the personality, can so rise above the limitation of the body as to see independently, and when closed, and so naturally as not to know that they were closed, as I have done, I would not believe they were closed till the united testimony of the three persons who were with me forced me to believe it must be so—now if we have this power with one sense while in the body, why not with all if they are sufficiently developed?

I can not believe that the personality that can do this while in the body needs to have its vibrations so changed upon dropping the body as to close the door to memory. I think we must look for the difficulties connected with the communications elsewhere. And now a word as to earthbound spirits.

As I see things, they are of two classes—those who have been taught there is something better beyond and want to get away but can not, and those whose love for humanity holds them here on the earth plane, they purposely remaining because of their conviction that all there is in any heaven is here waiting for development, and that it is their work in connection with those still in the body to aid in that development. Such spirits find their heaven in aiding and watching the progress of the work. Such are earthbound through the law of love, and gladly. The other class is held by their selfish, their undeveloped condition, but not willingly.

This latter class have but little if any perception of the causes which produce the discords of society, but liking to be looked up to, many of them control mediums as teachers. They take the half-unfolded truths of other ages and try to tie the wheels of progress to them, modifying them somewhat to suit the times, and alas! too many of us are ready to follow instead of thinking for ourselves.

ANYTHING MORE, MY LORD—By Lois Waisbrooker. 10 cents.



I demand unqualified freedom for woman as woman, and that all the institutions of society be adjusted to such freedom.—My Century Plant.

from the spirit no longer reach the material eye does not prove that they are changed. They are only stopped on their way to the material because the connecting link is broken, gone; and if not changed, then memory is not lost. Mr. Dawbarn says:

"The spirit organization becomes invisible to mortal eye."

Is the spirit organization ever visible to mortal eye? I claim that it is not, and never has been. It is only the material covering that we see. The astral body may be seen clairvoyantly, but what is clairvoyance but spirit sight? The spirit organization is made visible to the clairvoyant eye as it takes the spirit vibrations in independently of the mortal or physical eye. The ego must find expression through the senses or it remains hidden to all except itself, at least so far as this life is concerned, and in the other if the spiritual senses are not active. But that these spiritual senses (all the senses we have) often act independently of the physical, has been done too often to be denied.

o'clock the same evening, three hours after, Hopper came and controlled the judge's daughter and said: "Now I know what Paul meant when he said we shall not all sleep but shall be changed. I did not sleep; I never lost consciousness for a moment." No closing of the memory there.

It is important that the difficulty of getting names should be scientifically analyzed, and equally important that in doing this we do not hastily decide and thus come to a wrong conclusion. Reading Mr. Dawbarn's article has provoked thought in me, and of course in others. So far, so good. I have a suggestion to offer. It may and it may not have a bearing on the question at issue; I will give it and leave the reader to decide as to that. As has already been seen, communication is possible only through the law of vibration, and that memory is the impress made upon us by vibrations the particular forms of which have each their specific meaning.

Now it seems to me self-evident that the vibrations we are least ac-

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He who finds heaven within sees it everywhere, and until he does find it within he will see it nowhere.

Herbert N. Casson says the professors in the Chicago university are hired to hunt for truth and fired if they find it.

When men bid conscience goodby, remorse takes an easy gait. There is only one royal road to any estate men strive for and remorse is at the end of the road. There is no thoroughfare to intellectual and spiritual eminence. Paths thorny, rocks jagged, and peaks desolate are the ways of the soul to paradise, and conscience must bear it company.

THE SOURCES OF TRUTH AND HOW THEY ARE POLLUTED.

That crime is the basest man can commit which poisons the sources of truth. Those now guilty of destroying the usefulness of our mediums by holding them up to an unpitying, ignorant and ravenous public as "frauds" and "cheats" are the perpetrators of this blackest of crimes, because they do poison the sources of truth by tacitly endorsing the infamy that no medium can be wholly trusted, and only a few of them at all.

We had thought that Bundyism died out with the exit of that mistaken fanatic, but his progeny have grown of late like a crop of Canada thistles, and the same unwearying persecution, only intensified, is going on against the only hope and stay Modern Spiritualism has in this world, our mediums. We ask these pretentious Comstocks what they are thinking about? Have they gone over body, soul, paste-pot and scissors to the Machiavellianism which from time immemorial has sought to overthrow and crush out the instrumentalities by which alone our great immortality can be known?

What means this insidious warfare with our mediums as scapegoats, if not the overthrow of phenomena and the establishment of a creed-bound sect of hifaluting transcendentalists! Have not we had the perfume and mummery of divine petroleum thrown in our faces long enough? There's not the speaker living and never will live, who can give the multitudes by wordy rhetoric and bombast a single proof that the soul of man survives death. That office belongs to our mediums, do you hear? to our mediums, who, irrespective of their personalities, passions, desires and longings, how-

ever untoward these may be, are deluging this land with irrefutable proofs of the life beyond the grave. Without them the Spiritualist platform would be as cold as a friar's cell. Without them our homes would be deprived of the sweetest comfort on earth. Without them the master quest of man's anxious soul never can be answered. We need our mediums. We don't like some of their actions, of course not, and we are making no apology for those actions. Neither do we make apologies for the moral aberrations of their defamers. We want the world to know and we shall have it know that the worst enemies Spiritualism has today are cloaked and garbed in its name, and that they, whether in high or low position, are actively engaged in overthrowing Spiritualism, and using its mediums, its prophets, its martyrs, as cover for their nefarious work.

The man who knowingly or unknowingly blackens a woman's name is contemptible. If he adds calumny and condemnation upon her sin he is loathsome.

This paper is not a scavenger's cart; it is not cleaning the gutters of the social highway. But here and there in the mass is a soul worth saving, and into that mass, created by the Pharisees who turn up their noses at it, this paper is now at work picking up those fallen among thieves. It is not the first time its power has been felt there and among the cohorts who push them down. If one of these souls is slimy, so much the more need of protecting it. We don't believe in helping the upper dog. Right or wrong we are for the under dog. And right or wrong we are for our mediums. They are ours. They are what we have made them. The way to correct bad mediums is to correct the source of their dishonor. Slander, falsehood and condemnation will not do it.

The great seer, prophet and man, Andrew Jackson Davis, writes to the Light of Truth under date of August 2 and among other things says: "Seventy-three years old on the 11th of August, prox. All well, and very busy like yourselves."

The Light of Truth hails the venerable brother and is rejoiced at his attainment of so ripe an age with no enumeration of his faculties and extraordinary powers. Of all the psychics of the Spiritual era Andrew Jackson Davis must ever be regarded the most profound and far-reaching in point of influence.

Some weeks ago the Light of Truth suggested to Edward Markham that his muse might add to his laurels by writing about "The Woman With the Man of the Hoe." Hester A. Benedict, whose lines "Under" will be found elsewhere, gives the poet additional and pointed suggestions along that line. "The Man With the Hoe" is a terrific picture, but man's inhumanity to man can never be wholly known until woman's lower hell is depicted.

We know some people who are exceedingly conscientious about the conduct of other people. They worry a great deal, too, about little things they suppose other people know about themselves, although the chidings of their own consciences don't disturb them in the least. It is a pretty safe conclusion that a man or woman who parades the bad qualities of their neighbors, need the most watching themselves.

Remember, we must reckon in many cases with two worlds or states of being in solving the question of fraud—so-called—in psychism. It is best to go slow.

THE LIGHT OF TRUTH.

"SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT."

Under the above heading a series of editorials will be given in these columns during the ensuing few weeks. The various articles will bear upon the purposes of life as they are and as they ought to be. As I wish to speak directly to my readers in this instance, I shall drop the conventional we and address you in the first person.

WILLARD J. HULL.

There should be no such thing as failure in life, and there would not be if self-interest did not outweigh the public good. As we are circumstanced at present every toller is laboring for his own interests at the expense of the community. Our cities are centers of vast numbers of people whose power morally and spiritually would be quadrupled were there a community of interest in lieu of self-interest. This would not imply the burdening of one with the misfortunes of another. Just the opposite. It would imply the burdening of the unfortunate with the combined wealth and power of the whole mass, hence the causes of poverty and hardship would be removed, and there would be no beggars and no charity organizations, and the word charity in its eleemosynary sense would be expunged from our language. All this could be brought about, and will be as the higher and nobler impulses arise to the surface of our every day life. It is not enough that we have one Edison. Hidden away neath some obscure garb and imprisoned by adverse conditions scores of great inventors are waiting an opportunity. The world needs these, and it does not need the soulless, grasping monopolies who rob the inventor of his productions, for which, in his poverty, he has no redress.

It is not enough that we have one Spencer, one Wallace, one Fiske. In the trenches, at the shoe pegging mancines and on the walls of brick and stone, with trowels in their hands, thousands of Spencers, Wallaces and Fiskes, think out the secrets of nature unobserved and unthought of. The world needs them. Let them come forth.

It is not enough that we have had one Ingersoll and now have one Depeew, one Watterson. Many an orator is buried under the grime of a toiler, the penury of want or the fear of prejudice. The world needs them. Let's dig them out and give them a chance.

It is not enough that our country is honored with a Susan B. Anthony, or a Julia Ward Howe, or an E. C. Stanton, or a Josephine Henry here and there. Myriads of women with great minds and small husbands are waiting to emulate and follow these pharos lights along the beleaguered coast of woman's advancement. We want to help these women throw off the yoke of he gods, he priests and he bosses. We want to see what they can do. As long as snobs, saloonkeepers, distillers, and priests make our presidents, our governors and our mayors, while the sensible, level headed women of the land have no voice in the matter, we need not be alarmed that the millennium will catch us napping.

It is not enough that we have a medium here and there who can give to the mourner the assurance of a life to come. Ten thousand of them are waiting for man the savage to give place to man the reasoner, so that the gibes of the vulgar shall not drown the encomiums of the wise and grateful. The world needs these mediums. It needs this condition of society and ten thousand others also to herald to earth's millions the divine fellowship of the angel world.

There is no failure in a life devoted

to spiritual unfoldment, and by this I mean anything whatsoever that pertains to the study and application of one's own power, or to the betterment of the human family at large.

These pursuits form the capital of the afterlife. The individual who can draw on this kind of a deposit is solvent. We cannot take United States bonds, distillery securities, bank notes and title deeds to houses of prostitution into spirit life. We can only take kind deeds, earnest thoughts and good aspirations, little things like that. The only mortgage that will be honored there is a claim on somebody's love. Did you ever think what a pauper he must be who on entering the world of spirits cannot present a draft on the bank of Love? Many such are going there every day. There are lots of them strutting along the streets this morning robed in broad-cloth, satin and diamonds. Some of them are lolling in cushioned pews oggling the fellow in the pulpit. Others are riding in their carriages behind noble horses, whose tails they have multitude in order to ape other funkies. Nobody cares for them, except as pirates care for their chieftains who hold the booty. That gracious angel of heaven whom men name love, she passes them! She might pause a moment in her calm and peaceful flight and gaze pityingly into their sad faces. They would not know her.

It is with these beings as it is with a boor among gentlemen. He is not one of them, although his body is in the same room. He is not their fellow.

In a cultured society the worshippers of the golden calf have no place, no companionship. The wise and the pure alone see through and profit by the shame of perverted effort.

The eagle soars alone in the solitudes above the peaks and crags. Pluver flies in flocks close to the swamps.

Columbus Spiritualists awoke last Monday morning to find that the sun rose as usual in the East and natural and artificial phenomena were jogging along in the same old way notwithstanding Rev. Oldham's withering sermon against Spiritualism the evening before. Dr. Oldham is an adept at falsification when dealing with Spiritualism and yet he pretends to be a Christian. His tirade on Sunday evening was by all odds the raciest sensation that Broad street Methodists and their friends have listened to for many a day. The benign pastor outdid himself in fulminations. He declared the Woman of Endor story a fake from beginning to end, said that no single truth of any value to the human family has ever come from the lips of a medium, and asked his congregation to unite with him in a vow to Almighty God never to investigate Spiritualism or have anything to do with it.

LOIS WAISBROOKER.

An interesting and timely letter from Lois Waisbrooker, with her portrait, appears elsewhere in this issue of Light of Truth. Lois Waisbrooker has performed Herculean work for her sex during the long years of an eventful life. No writer on social topics as they pertain to woman is more to the point than she. Among her works are the following: My Century Plant, The Occult Forces of Sex, The Fountain of Life, Perfect Motherhood, A Sex Revolution, Helen Harlows Vow, The Wherefore Investigating Company, A Spirit Physician. Mrs. Waisbrooker's home is at Santa Ana, Cal.

Thieves build churches and pirates endow colleges.

ALL FRIENDS OF JESUS AND CHRISTIANITY.

A New York Religious journal has been asking President McKinley, members of his cabinet, army and navy officers, governors of states and other distinguished men the following questions:

Are you a friend of Christianity? Do you believe that Christianity is the friend of mankind? Does your belief extend to the recognition of a supreme being, to the divinity of Christ, to the surpassing potency of Christianity as a civilizing influence?

President McKinley replied: "My belief embraces the divinity of Christ and a recognition of Christianity as the mightiest factor in the world's civilization."

It would interest a great many people to know how the president squares the slaughter of the Filipinos with the sermon on the mount.

Major General Shafter, not in action at present, says he is a friend of Christianity. John Hay says he is a friend of Christianity. Admiral Sampson says that he claims to be a friend of Christianity. "Fighting Bob" Evans says he is a friend of Christianity. Chief Justice Fuller says that although it is a rule that the members of the Supreme Court never speak for publication, he feels impelled to say that he is a friend of Christianity. Adjutant General Corbin says: "I am a Christian." This looks suspicious and reads as though Corbin had been in consultation with Dave Hill. Russell A. Alger declared himself a friend of Christianity, and so on down the list. All friends of Christianity. We are glad to note all this. It indicates progress since the revival on Cape Cod some twelve years ago.

It was this way. A great exhorter was holding forth to a big crowd of representative cranberry pickers and trying to make them friends of Jesus. He was unsuccessful as no one in the audience would respond to his question, "Are you a friend of Jesus?" The proceedings had been observed by a sailor who had entered quietly and climbed onto a window sill at the rear of the building. Finally, when the exhorter had declared himself amazed at the torpidity of the people and wondered if Jesus had a friend on Cape Cod, the old sailor hopped to the floor, pulled up his waist strap, shifted his quid, and said: "This yer meetin' is somethin' I don't know much about. I'm a seafarin' man, just come into port from a five-year whalin' cruise, and I heerd a big noise in here an' I jest blew in. I don't know who this Jesus is you're talkin' about, but seein' he ain't got no friends among these yer land lubbers, I want you to know, Mr. Parson, as I believe in givin' the under dog a show, an' you can jes' tell your man Jesus that I'll be a friend to him and I'll smash the face of any land lubber as says a word agin him."

LIGHT OF TRUTH IN BUNDLES.

5 copies to one address 3 months,	\$.75
10 " " "	1.40
20 " " "	2.75
25 " " "	3.25
50 " " "	6.00

Are you a lodge man? Do you go among the people? Are you desirous of doing something to spread the Light of Truth? You, mister, with money, it is you we are talking to! Do you admire this paper? You say you do. Then here is your chance to bundle it off to your friends on the fence, in the air or in the mud. You have much, much, therefore, is expected of you.

HE BELIEVES IN IMMORTALITY.

In Mr. Bryant's poem, "The Flood of Years," which was first published two or three years since, are these lines:

So they pass
From stage to stage along the shining
course
Of that fair river, broadened like a sea.
As its smooth eddies curl along their way,
They bring old friends together; hands are
clasped
In joy unspeakable; the mother's arms
Again are folded round the child she loved
And lost. Old sorrows are forgotten now,
Or but remembered to make sweet the hour
That overpays them; wounded hearts that
bled
Or broke are healed forever.

A gentleman who had been sorely bereaved was so struck by the unquestioning faith in immortality here expressed, that he wrote to Mr. Bryant, asking if the lines were to be understood as a statement of his own belief. Mr. Bryant instantly replied in the following note, which has not been published before, and which has a peculiar interest at this time:

Cummington, Mass., Aug. 10, 1876.
Dear Sir: Certainly I believe all that is said in the lines you have quoted. If I had not I could not have written them. I believe in the everlasting life of the soul; and it seems to me that immortality would be but an imperfect gift without the recognition in the life to come of those who are dear to us here. Yours truly,
W. C. BRYANT.

F. N. Barrett, Esq., Harper's Weekly.

SPECIAL AGENTS.

Special agents of the Light of Truth at the camps thus far appointed: Clinton, Ia., Prof. Leroy Berrier; Lake Brady, O., Mrs. Mary McCaslin; Lily Dale, N. Y., Asbel G. Smith; Onset Bay, Mass., J. B. Hatch, Jr.; Lake Pleasant, C. R. Bennett; Chesterfield, Ind., Mrs. W. C. Jessup; Lake Sunapee, N. H., W. H. Wilkins; Lincoln, Neb., W. E. Bonney.

These persons are fully empowered to solicit and receive subscriptions and all other money due this company.

A Dutch paper published at The Hague, a copy of which has been received, contains the full text of Andrew D. White's Fourth of July oration (printed in English) at the tomb of Grotius, the father of international law. A large wreath of oak and laurel leaves, inscribed "To the memory of Hugo Grotius, on the occasion of the peace conference at The Hague, in reverence and gratitude from the United States," was laid on the tomb at Delft, the birthplace of Grotius. He was born April 10, 1583, and died in Germany August 28, 1645. His great fame rests upon his book, "De Jure Belli et Pacis," published in 1625. It is something more than a rare coincidence that the first attempt of the war powers of the world (of which our own nation is rapidly becoming a member) to abolish war should be made so near the tomb of the man who first and foremost of his age proclaimed peace and human rights upon the social compact.

Even the food-reform fads are turned into profit-seeking enterprises, and it may be doubted if all the new "health foods" being placed on the market are free from adulteration. If they are so at present they cannot long remain so. "Competition is the life of trade," and after a certain point has been reached adulteration is the life of competition.—The Independent Herald.

The hens do the laying, the roosters the crowing. These qualities of human nature are not confined to the barnyard.

POINTS.

He who wins by wrong doing is a loser after all.

The fever of renaming the nation is on. How would Hanna-bal sound?

They say that hell is paved with good intentions. Well, they will last longer than cedar blocks.

Most of the comforts of life are bought with the self-respect of those who do not possess the comforts.

Rev. John F. Carson, pastor of the Central Presbyterian church, New York City, declares that "spirits live in the other world very much as they do on earth, and that departed friends can and do look down in sympathy and love upon their mortal friends."

Spiritualists are in possession of the mightiest truth of the age. This truth should be cultivated, lived and made the beacon light of the world, the son of unborn generations. Compared with the knowledge of the ounce of daath and what it brings to the human race all other considerations pale into insignificance. The Spiritualist is yet to be tried in the balance. If he is found wanting it will be because he has renounced before the almighty dollar, and sacrificed his talents for the baubles of decaying prestige, influence and death. This is and has been the fate of every reform movement during the past half century. Spiritualists, then, possessing much, much will be and is required of them. He who would save his life must lose it. The test is obligatory and irrevocable.

The face which appears on the front page of the Light of Truth this week is one the editor makes up when he visits a photographer.

He informs us that it is his dress face and cannot be depended on for purposes of identification and is given here to show the increasing family of new readers asking for his picture, how he looks when subscriptions are rolling in and somebody is lampooning him for defending the mediums. He informs us that he never talks of anybody in whom he can't see something interesting, hence never says anything about himself, and as we don't know him there is nothing more to say, except to say that he is a relative to Moses Hull. He informs us that Moses will understand this much of his biography.

S. C., New York City, asks—How is land to be made common in lieu of private property?

To begin with the appraised annual value of land, said value being created by the thrift and industry of the whole people, the ground rent, should be taken in lieu of the present form of taxation. Thus land not in use would become a burden to the holders. In this way land monopoly would be broken up and the only title justly owned would be that of use. The man who did not use his land could not afford to keep it. As it is now industry or labor, while creating the wealth which attaches to land, receives nothing in return, while the land holder who performs no labor, reaps his fortune in increased land values which labor produces.

The question is a big one, but we have given the first move in its answer.

"Do not fancy you can stand aside from the bad man or the foolish man. They are yourself, though in a less degree than your friend or your master. But if you allow the idea of separateness from any evil thing or person to grow up within you, by so doing you create Karma, which will bind you to that thing or person till your soul recognizes that it cannot be isolated. Re-

member that the sin and shame of the world are your sin and shame, for you are a part of it. Therefore, remember that the soiled garment you shrink from touching may have been yours yesterday, may be yours tomorrow. And if you turn with horror from it when it is flung upon your shoulders, it will cling the more closely to you. The selfrighteous man makes for himself a bed of mire. Abstain because it is right to abstain, not that you may be kept clean."—Light on the Path.

He who is true to himself will be true to his friends and to the world. He will be true to and in all things. The slanderer, the backbiter, the hypocrite, the man who feels himself called upon to clean up the moral nastiness of society, these are never to be trusted. They are not true.

This paper knows of no more vital question now before the Spiritualists of this nation than this question of self-esteem, self-respect, in a word, common honor, for go where you will, see who you may, the prevailing gossip, when not on the almighty dollar, is the foibles and shortcomings of men and women. The worst of all this pitiful and disgusting habit is the calumny and abuse heaped upon mediums. We question whether a single medium has escaped the venomous suspicions and open accusations of this pestiferous class at any of our camps thus far in the season, and the season is hardly begun. It is deplorable above all else to hear and see so much vilification among mediums themselves. When it will all end and where, no man knows. But this much is certain: There has got to be made manifest and exalted above every virtue this quality of self-respect of which we speak. The shortcomings of others need not and do not disturb those who are true to themselves and act out their highest convictions. Men and women lower themselves in the direct proportion that they indulge in asperities toward others, and repeat the unfounded rumors of moral and other lapses they hear about them.

TRANSITION OF JOHN R. LORD.

Suddenly from his home at Niagara Falls, Ont., on the 4th inst., the spirit of John R. Lord departed to the life beyond. Appropriate obituary notice will appear next week. Willard J. Hull will deliver the funeral address probably on Sunday, the 6th inst.

PSYCHOGRAPHY.

To those interested in the much-mooted phase of mediumship—"independent slate writing"—so-called, the work of Fred P. Evans on Psychography will prove invaluable. It is a remarkable book. It contains the life and experiences of Mr. Evans—we may say thrilling and strange because true. Fiction writers would envy the facts therein related. Mr. Evans is yet young, having been born in 1862, and for this prosaic age has undergone as much as Captain Maryatt's sailors; for a mariner he was before mediumship led him out of his course. His slate-writings are truly marvelous, and this book contains illustrations of the phenomena—one slate having messages in twelve languages on it, while the medium is conversant with one. This book should have a wide circulation, as it is calculated to become a standard testimony in favor of Spiritualism.

We have the book on sale. Price, \$2, postage 20 cents.

Have you seen our Good Luck Ring advt. Look at it. Then send 25c for a trial subscription and get one. Send finger measure.

THE LIGHT OF TRUTH.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

ROBINSON'S BOOK AGAIN.

Lyman C. Howe.

"Mr. Howe picks out one particular method in the book as a means of arguing against the correctness of possibilities of my explanations being correct. If he will take the pains to turn to page 3 he will find these few explanatory remarks. There are a large number of methods of producing slate writing, but the writer will describe a few which will be sufficient to give an idea of the workings of slate tests in general." * * * "I am afraid Mr. Howe is inclined to beat about the bush. In the Progressive Thinker of March 18, he gives a criticism of myself and my book. Here is a portion of his statement: 'I never had but one sitting with Foster, and then I was quite certain that he deceived the rest of the sitters, at least in a portion of his performance. I could have done the same thing and explained the phenomena.' You see, Mr. Editor, here is a man who proclaims himself a sincere Spiritualist, but is willing that fraud should exist in it; and instead of exposing it, which he declares he could have done, he preferred to remain quiet all these years, allowing Foster, no doubt, to victimize countless hundreds as easily as he did at the sitting Mr. Howe speaks of. Mr. Howe also remarks that he had suspicions of Dr. Slade. I replied to Mr. Howe's argument of the 18th of March, and it appeared April 8, both in the Progressive Thinker. Mr. Howe failed to answer my pointed queries. I wonder why. Did he see the error of his ways?"—William E. Robinson in Light of Truth, June 10, 1899.

Here are some of the "pointed queries" that Mr. Robinson refers to as having appeared in the Progressive Thinker of April 8.

"I am surprised to see old time Spiritualists * * * show such careless, slip-shod methods as his review of my book and his report of seances he investigated prove. He states he has not read my book, but just gave it a glance over. I am afraid that such is his usual method in investigating so-called phenomena of Spiritualism, "just gives it a glance over." "I would like to know how much reliance can be placed on a man's description of what he has glanced at casually." * * * "He states also that there is a class of superficial observers who do not discriminate between frauds and facts. * * * I wonder if he includes himself among this few. * * * Here is one of our prominent Spiritualists who acknowledges he found fraud, never revealing it at the time, and still placing his faith in a medium that under his own signature he states was a fraud, thus covering up the truth instead of revealing it." "Is it any wonder that the lesser lights are led astray, when a shining light like Mr. Howe keeps them in the dark? * * * He also states that his experiences with Slade were of a nature to excite suspicion. Here again you observe he acknowledges fraud."

The foregoing comprises the gist of Mr. Robinson's queries and complaints. But he especially emphasizes and repeats the unwarranted charge that I discovered fraud with Foster and Slade and did not reveal it; and that I am willing fraud should exist and continue among mediums. Also that my methods of investigation are "slip-shod" and that I was not qualified

to review his book since I had only given it a cursory reading. Here is

MY ANSWER.

1. I admitted that I "had not read the book but glanced over it." This he attempts to use with some sarcasm. But an hour with that book is as good as a month, so far as concerned anything I said of it in my review in the Progressive Thinker. Since that time I have read it carefully from title page to the finis, and found nothing to change my verdict. Any intelligent critic can be as well qualified to pronounce judgment after a "glance over it," as if he had studied a year, for there is a general sameness running through the whole, and a large portion of the tricks explained are such as have been exhibited by "exposers" up on the platform hundreds of times, and bear no resemblance to the slate writing of mediums as witnessed by many thousands, myself among them. He complains that I selected "one particular method in the book" and says there are large numbers of methods of producing slate writing," but says he will describe a few which will be sufficient to give an idea of the working of slate tests in general. But all of the methods described in his book are so utterly out of all correspondence with the genuine slate writings of mediums as to be absolutely worthless, as an exegesis of slate writing phenomena that I have witnessed.

They bear no more resemblance than a monkey and a mouse. Mr. R. talks about the methods of "fake mediums." Very well, let all fakes be exposed. But he assumes that all slate writing mediums are fakes. Here is the vital issue between us. He may have detected thousands of tricks; so have thousands of Spiritualists, and exposed them, too. But that there is no reason for denying that there are any genuine. I am sorry to have disappointed him by not replying to his "many pointed queries" in the Progressive Thinker. I did my part, the editor rejected my MS. I do not now reply because I think the book is worth so much free advertising, but because I have been misrepresented by its author and the public misled, both as to my attitude and habits of investigation and the validity of his claims as an exposor of spiritual phenomena.

2. It would seem that Mr. Robinson had not read my criticism of his book, but just "glanced over it," else how could he so misrepresent my printed statements? If a man can not truthfully represent the position of another when he has the printed document before him, what title has he to our confidence when he professes to represent the doings of mediums? He assumes that I found fraud with Foster and Slade, and did not expose it. There is nothing that I have said or written that justifies such an assumption.

I saw how it was possible, and easy, for Foster to read the names and questions the sitters had prepared for him, for I could have done the same. But I did not claim that he did so. I felt quite certain of it, because it was not difficult; but it is one thing to feel "quite certain" and another to know and be able to prove it. I did not say that Slade excited my suspicions, but that he acted in a way to excite suspicion, and Mr. R. at once assumes that I "admit fraud" again. I did nothing of the kind. On the contrary, at the time I referred to I know he did not practice any tricks of magic or fake mediumship upon me. But who told Mr. Robinson that I did not reveal what I discovered with Foster?

Where does he find any warrant for that assumption which he several times repeats? It looks as if he has a faculty

for manufacturing testimony against those he attempts to criticise.

If he does it in such a "slip-shod" way when he has the documents to refer to, we must take with a liberal allowance the charges he makes against mediums.

But he attempts to make capital out of my statement that the discovery of a trick, or chance for a trick, did not disturb my confidence in other manifestations through the same medium, and puts it in a light to suit his purpose representing me as willing to "pin" my "faith in one" I "acknowledge uses fraud." I acknowledge that anyone may use fraud, and if I do not pin my faith to any medium or any man, or any single statement, but to facts, demonstrations, that do not depend upon the honesty or dishonesty of any man or medium.

In my investigations I endeavor to cover every chance for fraud, and no part of my faith rests upon the integrity of the medium. But when the conditions render tricks impossible, and phenomena occur, they are just as valuable as evidence as if the medium were accredited by any society. And a medium may be tested in the manner Mr. R. proposed and endorsed by magicians and societies galore today, and tomorrow, when you relax vigilance, you may be deceived by the same medium.

A man may sell me a gold pin today and the same man may substitute brass for gold in the one I buy for gold tomorrow. If I do not know how to detect the counterfeit, I am as safe, or safer, in dealing with a man that cheated me yesterday than I would be to buy of an entire stranger; for the one that had defrauded me once might suspect that I was after him if I made another purchase and take no further risks. I would rather trust my senses with a medium that had tried to trick me, for then I know better how to watch him. But my faith is not "pinned" to any medium, but to facts that no jugglery can duplicate. Mr. Robinson represents me as saying that I would give him \$100 if he would duplicate a slate writing I had with Keeler. I said nothing of the kind. There is another example of his "slip-shod" methods, showing that he had "only glanced over" my review of his book. I referred to a seance with the Bangs sisters, and the picture we got of our daughter, which no juggler in the world can duplicate under the same conditions and explain, and I offered him \$100 if he would duplicate it.

I doubt not he can get as good as we did if he will make the effort and pay the bills. But I am not an agent for any medium and am not anxious enough for Mr. Robinson's conversion to may the way for him and pay the expense.

Spiritualism does not need him as much as he needs Spiritualism, and when his time comes he will get out of his little groove and be astonished at his ignorance of spiritual phenomena.

He wonders if I include myself in the class that do not discriminate between facts and frauds, and decides the answer for himself in the affirmative. But there is nothing that I have ever written that justifies his question or the assumption he makes. Now let us see where Mr. Robinson stands.

In the Progressive Thinker, March 8, page 3, under the heading "Explorers" Mr. Robinson says:

"In all my investigations I pursue one course. I do exactly as the medium desires me to do, and I generally get good results, but that does not prevent me from keeping my mouth shut, eyes open and seeing exactly how results are accomplished, having in this way got a test. I call again,

and this time I am exacting, and desire to have test conditions that I know will prevent fraud, and this time I receive no test." Reader, let us pause and enjoy a single merriment at this pretentious author's expense. In his attempt to make a case against me and the cause I represent he has dwelt upon my statements, distorted to suit his convenience and challenged my honesty because he assumes that I detected fraud and did not expose it. This assumption has no reality behind it; but suppose it were true that I discovered fraud and did not then and there expose it, I would then have done exactly as our author declares he always does.

He keeps his mouth shut and, of course, does not reveal the trick. He tries again and there is no trick to reveal, for this time he "gets no test." I had a sitting with Foster in company with three others and saw how he might read the questions, but I could not testify that he did, nor would that explain how he answered them, and I told my friends of my discovery.

By his own showing our author would have kept his mouth shut and let others be deceived by his acquiescence in a fraud!

"Consistency, thou art a jewel." I have taken more space for this analysis than the subject deserves, but I think I have met all the points worth noticing. I have no unkindness toward Mr. Robinson. He doubtless believes in himself and his book as against the experience and testimony of many thousands, and all he can do to expose "fake mediums," we should welcome gladly. But when he assumes that all slate writing mediums are fakes, he should be made to know that he is not omniscient, and that others are as capable of observing as he. I repeat that Mr. Robinson's book, as an explanation of such mediumship as I, with many thousands of others, have witnessed, is absolutely worthless and his misrepresentations of my words and attitude toward this subject prove his statements and representations to be "slip-shod" and untrustworthy.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

QUESTION RAISED.

To the Editor: In Light of Truth, July 22d, Mr. Blodgett in his article on the "Philosophy of Life," says: "To really love our neighbors as ourselves is a very broad proposition. It means among many other things that I will not try and enumerate, that he would as soon die himself from want as to have his neighbor so die. It means that he will insist that his neighbors have all the comforts and luxuries that he has. And he must construe it that every person in the whole world is his neighbor," etc.

If Samuel Blodgett will read the parable of the man who went down to Jericho and fell among thieves and then answer the question, "Which now of these three thinkest thou was neighbor unto him that fell among thieves?" he will find that "every person in the whole world" is not in the construction.

It seems to be the prevailing idea that Jesus meant everybody is our neighbor. I don't think he did. He said, "Love your enemies," etc. Well, "Pity is akin to love." I can pity, and help if necessary, and by so doing become a neighbor to my enemies, but does that make them neighbors to me? Respectfully submitted,

MRS. LOUISA SIGNOR.

A REVIEW OF BIBLICAL PROPHETIES RELATING TO MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

By Moses Hull and B. F. French.

To the readers of the Light of Truth I wish to say there is to be no debate in this conversational review, only an effort to gain the truth, for the benefit of all. I hold that the date and advent of Modern Spiritualism was plainly foreseen and foretold by ancient seers, and that such a fact is strong proof of the genuineness of present day psychic phenomena. In this first article I will confine the proofs chiefly to the Old Testament. I might quote numbers of passages which in a general way refer to our day, but will present only those having a direct reference to Spiritualism or some cognate matter. "For behold, the day cometh, that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble; and the day cometh that shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch." Mal., iv, 1. This most thrilling prophecy is beginning to be fulfilled, chiefly as a result of the teachings of Spiritualism, its fulfillment of course will be in a spiritual sense. Rev. Mr. Briggs says: "The book of Daniel is purely a work of imagination." An old prophet says, "He whose prophecies come true is a true prophet." A number of prophecies recorded by Daniel have been fulfilled, and this fact lifts some of Daniel's writings at least far above mere fiction. The dream of Nebuchadnezzar of a great image whose head was gold, his breast and arms were silver, his body and thighs of brass, his legs of iron, his feet part iron and part clay; a stone cut out of the mountain without hands smote the feet of the image, so the image fell to pieces and became as the chaff of the summer's threshing floor, and the wind carried them away. Dan., ii, 31 to 45. Space forbids the full quotation of the grand prophecy. The stone cut from the mountain plainly represents a kingdom or government which the God of heaven should set up to which there should be no end. God's highest expression is by and through man, "vox populi, vox Dei." So a republican form of government is truly a God's government; so far as is possible among imperfect men. Such a government has literally commenced to take the place of monarchical governments, and now sways the destinies of a large percentage of the civilized world. The little horn seen by Daniel which made war against the saints until the time came when the saints took the kingdom (Dan., vii, 20-28) is a most complete history of the papal power, "speaking great words against the most high." The saints are plainly the liberalists of the past and the Spiritualists of our own day who have fought and are still fighting for free speech and the spread of knowledge as against creedal ignorance and bigotry. Daniel heard a saint ask another one how long should be the vision concerning the transgression of desolation to give the sanctuary and the host (the people and sacred truth) to be trodden under foot, and he said, unto two thousand three hundred days; then shall the sanctuary (minds and spirits of men) be cleansed (Dan., viii, 13-14). The 2,300 days are prophetic years; if not so, then the whole story is void of sense. By a careful perusal of other chapters it is made plain that these 2,300 years begin with the year B. C. 457, consequently ending in A. D. 1844, and true enough, in 1848 the spirit world made itself known to mortal men; and the sanctuary is fast being cleansed of the rubbish and falsehood stored therein by priests for untold ages.

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FRED P. EVANS,
THE SLATE WRITING PSYCHIC,

Has taken a vacation until September. Due notice will be given in these columns of his return to New York City.

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CORRESPONDENCE
THE FIELD AT A GLANCE.

John Slater is in San Francisco.

Captain H. H. Brown has began a series of meetings in Pythian castle, San Francisco, Cal.

Mrs. Maude Lord Drake is interesting the people of Cripple Creek, Col., during July and August.

B. F. Underwood delivered a glowing tribute to Ingersoll as a prelude to his lecture at Chesterfield, Ind., camp.

Mrs. J. J. Whitney, trance medium and medical clairvoyant, is located at 232 Stockton street, San Francisco, Cal.

The Summerland (Cal.) Spiritualist association, of which Prof. J. S. Loveland is president, will hold a camp meeting, commencing August 27.

The Lillie Cottage, Melrose Park, Cassadaga camp, has been sold to William Ramsdell, of Titusville, Pa. The cottage is one of the most charming on the grounds.—Mary T. Longley, Secretary N. S. A.

After finishing a most successful engagement of two weeks at Cassadaga, Mrs. Maggie Waite left for Clinton, Ia., where she can be addressed Mt. Pleasant Park during August.

Nanaimo, British Columbia, has a Spiritualist society, and a good lecturer and medium is wanted there for two months or more. Address the secretary for particulars. Mrs. Elizabeth M. Campbell, box 204, Nanaimo, B. C.

J. C. F. Grumbine's bookings for next season are: Syracuse, N. Y., September; Indianapolis and Cincinnati, October; Chicago, November; Washington, D. C., December; Daytona and Lake Helen, Fla., January and February; March, April, May, still open.

Nearly every Spiritualist camp in the country has taken appropriate action on the death of Ingersoll. He was greatly admired by the Spiritualists for his work in demolishing the superstitions of orthodoxy, although his conclusions on death could not be agreed to.

A. M. G. Wheeler writes from Louisville, Ky.: I came here in March. Have lectured and given tests every Sunday night since to large and appreciative audiences. Have organized The Church of Spirit Communion and are chartered and have thirty-eight members, besides the officers. Have a fine Ladies' Aid, which meets every Thursday afternoon with an attendance from eighteen to twenty-five. Notwithstanding the hot weather we have somewhat over two hundred in attendance every Sunday night. We meet in Odd Fellows', called Liberty Hall, Walnut street, between Second and third. Dr. McAbey and his society are also meeting with their usual success. The People's Spiritual church is closed during the hot season, but will open early in September with renewed energy.—Flora Hardin, Sec.

Our "Co-operative Brotherhood" correspondent in Toledo will please take notice.

Editor Light of Truth—Will you please correct the statement made in your issue of the 29th inst. relative to my being in Toledo for the purpose of establishing a co-operative brotherhood organization in that city. The fact is that I am here visiting my husband and taking a vacation. I have not given up my specific work, nor do I mean to do so, and I am only interested in the Hon. James S. Ingall's work as a wife is naturally interested in the work of her husband. An entirely erroneous impression is likely to be given by the

item referred to—an impression that would be liable to affect my work. As I have not taken my husband's name, but retained my own, you will confer a favor by using it as here signed when referring to me or my work.—Rev. Helen Stuart-Richings.

Reduced R. R. rates to N. S. A. convention, Chicago, October 17-20, 1899

Tickets on the certificate plan (one and one-third fare for the round trip) have been granted by the various roads. To secure this concession purchaser must buy first-class ticket to Chicago paying full fare for same. Be sure to ask your agent for a certificate when purchasing your ticket. This certificate when properly signed by the secretary at the convention and vised by the special agent who will be in attendance, will entitle the holder to a return ticket (first-class) for one-third fare. Certificate tickets may be procured three days prior to convention (Sunday not included) and will be honored for return ticket until three days after adjournment. On arriving at the convention deposit your certificate with the secretary for proper endorsement.—Mary T. Longley, Secretary N. S. A.

The camp meeting of the Indiana Association of Spiritualists opened at Chesterfield July 20th under favorable circumstances. The weather was delightful, grounds in good order and cottages well filled. Many improvements have been added since last year. Several new buildings erected, and old ones repainted, a new entrance gate and office and bridge across ravine. The first session was devoted to memorial service in honor of G. W. Parkison, the former president. Miss Gertrude Millspaugh and Mrs. Vonderheide, all prominent members of the association. Mrs. C. T. Moore of Munroe, formerly Mrs. McNutt of Philadelphia, spoke Friday afternoon. After the lecture she gave psychometric readings. Mrs. Eva Pfuntner, who had been engaged for the whole season, was compelled to cancel her engagement. She has been ill for two months with nervous prostration. Saturday afternoon Prof. B. F. Underwood delivered his first lecture. Mr. Underwood is a new speaker at Chesterfield, and much interest was manifested to hear what he had to say for Spiritualism. Preceding the lecture he gave an excellent eulogy on the death of Col. Ingersoll. Sunday morning James Brown of Anderson spoke to a fair sized audience. At 2 o'clock p. m. Prof. Underwood addressed a large and attentive audience. At 4:30 p. m. Mrs. Moore entertained the people with her gift of psychometry. The past week has been of unusual interest. Perfect harmony prevails. The hotel has but few vacant rooms. Prof. W. R. Lockwood and Mrs. Robinson Gillespie have arrived. Yesterday was a banner Sunday, a large crowd of representative people from surrounding cities. Next Sunday, Aug. 6th, Mary E. Lease speaks in the afternoon. Mrs. Gladys Cooley in the forenoon.—Flora Hardin, Sec.

Mrs. Eloise Jaeger, who was held for the grand jury by Police Judge King on the charge of manslaughter in the first degree, was freed in County Court by Judge Emery yesterday afternoon, when the grand jury submitted a partial report and stated it had found no bill against the woman. The discharge was no surprise to Mrs. Jaeger, although it was to several other women who were arraigned with her. Mrs. Jaeger, who claims to be a palmist, predicted her own release and that of the other women.

The charge against Mrs. Jaeger was that she had committed a criminal operation on Wadiswawa Romaniska. The

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coroner's jury found her guilty of causing the death of Mrs. Romaniska and she was held. Yesterday the women expected the grand jury would report in their cases and accordingly Mrs. Jaeger, Mary Sinclair, Mattie Fenton and Minnie Penn, the last three of whom were held on a charge of grand larceny, got together in the jail and had their fortunes told. Mrs. Jaeger did the fortune telling. She predicted that herself and her companions would obtain their release.

Mrs. Jaeger was so certain of this that she told her husband to pack her valise with some of her wearing apparel, so the two could leave Buffalo for a visit as soon as she was free. Mr. Jaeger had faith in his wife and when she was arraigned he appeared in County Court with the grip properly packed for travel. After the minor prisoners had been disposed of it was announced that no bills had been reported against Mrs. Jaeger or the other three women. Mrs. Jaeger took the result as a matter of course, but the three women were so surprised they uttered protestations of joy and told their friends of what had transpired at the jail.—Buffalo (N. Y.) Courier, July 29.

A CHALLENGE TO DEBATE.

The Spiritualists of Ashley Camp Association challenge any able, honest clergyman in the United States to come to Ashley, O., and engage in a four days' debate with Moses Hull, commencing August 8, 1899.

Mr. Hull to affirm that Modern Spiritualism in all its phases is sustained by the Bible, history and reason.

W. F. RANDOLPH,
Secretary.

MAPLE DELL, MANTUA STATION,
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This place is now in a fine condition to receive visitors. It was opened last Sunday under very favorable auspices. Hotel Minetonka and large auditorium are newly painted. The people of Mantua and surrounding country, as also friends from Pittsburg and Cleveland, came on excursion trains and cheap rates. The speaking was excellent. Rev. F. D. Dunikin was the main orator of the day, with a number of others as assistants. Music by Mrs. Baker and daughter Eva, assisted by Miss Cole, was beautiful; singing by the quartet of Prof. Coe.

The program for next Sunday is as follows:

10 a. m.—Lecture by F. D. Dunikin, assisted by young speakers and mediums.

2 p. m.—Dr. D. M. King and others.

7:30 p. m.—Scientific, J. A. Bidwell; illustrations by Prof. J. W. Kerstetter; music by Mrs. Baker and daughter, assisted by Miss Cole.

Several test mediums will be present.

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FLYING NOTES — CAMPS AND PEOPLE.

After a two weeks' stay at Snowflake, I spun my way to Grand Ledge, en route to Lily Dale. I dropped down in this spiritual Eden to the surprise of all, and the bad weather and good people prolonged my stay. Here I find an atmosphere of peace, love and rest. Mrs. A. E. Sheets is the presiding genius, and her influence is spiritualizing and educational. She makes all feel at home, and with her co-workers gives a unity of feeling and strength that insures high success. She is the right woman in the right place. G. W. Kates and wife are here, and much liked. Mrs. Kates' mediumship has no shadow of suspicion in it, and her work is strong and helpful. Miss Laura Mattock, the secretary at large, is a faithful soul, sings as well as writes, and adds a high sentiment of unselfish devotion to all she touches. The official management is mostly in the hands of leading business men of the town, and the exquisite decorations of the auditorium were made by the city mayor with his own hands and artistic genius. The press gives liberal reports and no slurs. The hotel is a model of good taste and convenience, clean, light and pleasant. Since my last visit here, three years ago, cottages have gone up, a dining hall built, and many improvements made, and the camp opens auspiciously and no camp has better social, moral and spiritual conditions than Grand Ledge, Mich.

My last day at Snowflake was full of interest and surprises, and Mrs. Georgia Gladys Cooley, Dr. Knowles and Miss Cora Fuller inspired the people with enthusiasm.

Capt. Joseph Brown of St. Louis and Miss Mukish surprised me Sunday morning. Capt. Brown was twice mayor of St. Louis and eight years city auditor, and president of the society that first called me to that city. He came from Petoskey, where he is resting for health. Today I start for home and Lily Dale, where I expect to talk next Sunday, July 30.

LYMAN C. HOWE.
Grand Ledge, Mich., July 25, '99.

ANENT THE MEDIUMS' PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.

Editor Light of Truth: I have been reading your paper with great interest for some years. I like it for its plain, outspoken editorials, and I assure you that it is one of the best Spiritual papers in the country. It toadies to no one, is a true friend to all honest mediums through good and evil report. I am glad to hear of the organization called "The Mediums' Protective Association." I was present at the mass meeting in June at Richmond, Ind., and I am glad to find an association that protects mediums. I will be one of the number to do my part toward paying for a national charter. I don't think that the N. S. A. has any right to compel mediums to join this organization in order to be recognized by the order. The legal opinion, given by Hon. L. V. Moulton, as published in the Progressive Thinker of June last, is not a good one. For it is entirely in favor of the N. S. A. Brother Moulton says, "When I found it was financial ruin and I must quit or be ruined, I quit."

I understand that honest and true mediums are joining the Mediums' Protective Association all over the United States. It is to be hoped that all true Spiritualists will join this organization, which will be a friend to all true mediums. During the business session in June at The Mediums'

Protective Association, the Light of Truth was favorably spoken of, and these mediums, I assure, during the fall and winter will send in to you a large subscription. Yours for honesty of purpose,

FRANK TALTON, Lincoln, Neb.



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A LITTLE BIRD TELLS.

Now isn't it strange that our mothers
Can find out all that we do?
If a body does anything naughty
Or says anything that's not true,
They'll look at you just a moment,
Till your heart in your bosom swells,
And then they know all about it,
For a little bird tells.

Now where that little bird comes from,
Or where that little bird goes,
If he's covered with beautiful plumage,
Or black as the king of the crows,
If his voice is as hoarse as a raven's,
Or clear as the ringing of bells,
I know not—but this I am sure of—
A little bird tells.

You may be in the depths of a desert,
Where nobody sees but a mouse;
You may be all alone in the cellar,
You may be on the top of the house;
You may be in the dark and the silence,
Or out in the woods and the dells—
No matter—wherever it happens,
A little bird tells.

And the only way you may stop him
Is just to be sure what to say—
Sure of your words and your actions,
Sure of your work and your play.
Be honest, be brave and be kindly,
Be gentle and loving as well,
And then you can laugh at the stories
All the birds in the country may tell.

—Anon.

LESSON FIRST.

One day I was sitting with a dear friend who is a fine clairvoyant and clairaudient medium, when she saw a little boy sitting on the floor at our feet, a little lad of six years, with black, curly hair and dark eyes, dressed in a dark velvet suit. He had a small slate and pencil in his hand on which he was trying to write, and as I spoke to him held up his slate, on which he had printed, "I am Ralph." He also took a little knife out of his pocket which he seemed very proud to show me, saying, "Winchton has a knife too." (Meaning my little boy.) Then a fine looking old gentleman with flowing white hair and beard, dressed neatly in black, appeared, and taking Ralph by the hand said, "I am Ralph's grandpa. I brought him here to play with Little, as I was anxious for him to have a Celestial companion, and that is the way he became a member of my band of little children." The old gentleman then took us with him to a beautiful house and we followed him in and into a room which looks like a playroom, as there are a great many toys. The old gentleman then said: "We arranged these toys just before the child passed away, and since he left nothing has been disturbed," as was shown by collection of dust. He took us to a lovely bedroom, very richly furnished, and beside the large bed was a dainty white child's bed, where we saw Ralph's mamma smoothing the pillows. We followed them down stairs and into a large parlors, where the furniture and draperies are of the finest material, showing the people to be very wealthy. The beautiful and spiritual looking young mother sitting before the grate seemingly very thoughtful and quiet, having an open book on her lap; a very handsome looking man walks in and seats himself in a large easy chair opposite his wife. He looks like a pro-

fessional man who lives a busy life. This is Ralph's papa. He leans his head on his hand, presently looks at his wife and pulls her chair closer to his. She seems lost in thought, looking at Ralph's picture, which hangs over the mantel. He said: "Do not be sad; look away from the picture and read to me, please." She takes up the book in her lap and tries to read, but her voice is full of tears, and she says "she can not." He then takes up the book and reads aloud to her, when she becomes interested and her face brightens. He takes her hand and leads her to the piano and asks her to play and sing something for him. She tries hard to please him, but her thoughts are with the little boy she loved so well, and so she says, "Wait a little while; I can not now." A servant then came in with refreshments. The old spirit gentleman then turns to us and says the young wife was wrapped up in her son, who was a warm, loving child and filled the place of his papa, who was rather distant and cold in his nature. How much she missed him. But strange to say Ralph's papa is getting to love his wife more every day, and tries by his love and sympathy to make up for the loss of the child. The young man wonders why such a flood of love goes out to his wife, and does not know that it is an influence which her spirit father exerts over him; and he is very glad that their lives are growing closer together, and that in their common grief there is a broader understanding and love for each other which is making their married life an ideal one. The years roll on and the angels know that although they made a great sacrifice in the loss of the little one, yet the years are bringing to them many happy hours which, if the little one had lived, they might never have known. The patter of little feet will never be known in that home again, as there will never be more children given to them. This story, while sad in many ways, has a lesson for us, that trouble never comes to us without its recompenses in some way.

POLLY'S PIE.

When Mary Ann was cooking once,
Our Polly made a pie;
She took some flour and water
And some butter standing nigh;
And then she took some sugar, 'cause
She says she likes things sweet,
And sprinkled on the rolling board
All that she didn't eat.

She rolled it out a long, long time,
With salt, a little bit;
She dropped it four times on the floor,
And once she stepped on it.
She doesn't think the plates of tin
Are pretty, so she took
A small red flower-pot saucer,
Which was better for the cook.

She filled her pie with half a pear,
Two raisins and a date;
Then put it in the oven, and
Forgot it till quite late.
It was not burned, for Mary Ann
Had taken care of that;
So Polly gave a party to
The chickens and the cat.

—Selected.

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DOLLY'S REVENGE.

Trottie shook Lady Alice, the big doll given her by Uncle Paul, till the doll's eyes rattled in her head, and finally lodged in the region of her throat.

"You're a horrid doll, anyway," the naughty child exclaimed, "and I don't care if your eyes did fall in. You have no backbone, for you never sit up straight, but you must have a wall to lean against, and now you may stay there and I don't like you at all."

Saying this, Trottie jammed the poor Lady Alice against the wall in a sitting posture that was anything but comfortable. Then Trottie threw herself impatiently into her rocking chair and stared at Lady Alice's great empty sockets and disheveled hair and began to feel the pangs of conscience, which sooner or later trouble us all. Everything had gone wrong that extremely hot day, and Trottie had been cross all afternoon, venting her ill humor first on her cat, then on Lady Alice, till that wise dolly had dropped her eyes to hide her sorrow at her little mother's behavior.

Suddenly Trottie heard a tiny, indignant voice: "I suppose you think dolls have no feeling."

~~THOMAS could scarcely believe that she heard aright. Lady Alice certainly was addressing her, and the bisque lips appeared to move as truly as human lips move. "I guess if any one shook you till your life's sawdust dropped from a hole in your side and your eyes dropped into your throat, nearly choking you, you would think that person very cruel. I have stood all I ever intend to take from you in the way of injury and insult, and there are pin holes by the dozen in my back where you have fastened my clothes regardless of my feelings. You fastened my shoes this morning with safety pins, which you stuck right through my dainty kid ankles, and my sawdust froze in my body when I saw you coming at me with a hat pin; but as your cat attracted your attention just then, I am sure I was saved from a horrible experience. I'm not going to take any more of it."~~

Lady Alice arose and advanced toward Trottie. How tall the Lady Alice seemed and how small Trottie felt! Suddenly Trottie felt herself jerked from her chair and dragged by one arm toward the dressing table. She saw Lady Alice reach for a hat pin, and then the terrified child was laid, face down, across Lady Alice's knees, and she could feel the awful pin being jabbed repeatedly into her back. She screamed in agony, but Lady Alice seemed suddenly to have acquired wonderful strength, and poor Trottie could not wriggle out of her grasp. All this time those awful empty sockets were staring at Trottie in a most horrifying way. "Now, Miss Trottie Allen," said Lady Alice, "I'll show you how it feels to have your eyes shaken in." With this she seized Trottie by the shoulders and shook the child till she gasped for breath, and shook her again and again.

Suddenly the room grew black and Trottie felt her eyes loosen in the sockets, and then they rattled and bumped against the inside of her cheeks and then—"The dear child has been sleeping," said mamma's voice, and mamma's hands gently lifted her from the chair as Trottie sobbed: "Mamma, dolls can feel, and I'll never be cross again!"—Gertrude Dodge in Chicago Record.

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As well as in each joyful sound;
In poverty you do me view,
In fortune you do find me too.
The ocean can not part with me,
Although I'm not seen in the sea;
Though ne'er with life, I never die—
Now please sir, tell me, what am I?

No. 2.—Charade.

My first at the door is making a din,
But no one opens to let him in;
He has traveled a thousand miles today,
But no one saw him on his way.

My second has wheels, but never was
known
To travel a single inch alone;
And my whole has never got out of sight,
Although it keeps going by day and night.

No. 3.—Riddle.

Fairy sat upon the green,
Robed in purple like a queen;
Round her to the left and right
Stood the spearmen day and night.
But at last this little fay
Took her wings and flew away;
And the children they did cry,
"See the fairy ships go by."

No. 4.—Riddle.

Boys and girls, please guess my riddle;
I'm always still, never idle;
Always talk without a tongue,
I speak the truth, though sometimes
wrong;

My steady hands and honest face
Ever secure a welcome place
In king's palace or peasant's cot;
Ill-timed's the house where I am not;
I've neither legs, nor feet, nor toes,
But always run, whoever goes.

RESOLUTIONS

on the death of Robert Green Ingersoll, offered by Dr. W. W. Hicks, seconded by Hon. A. B. Richmond, and passed by the great assemblage at the Cassadaga Lake Free Association, Lily Dale, N. Y., July 22, 1899.

Whereas, It has pleased the Infinite Giver and Director of life to withdraw from this world the gifted Robert G. Ingersoll by death; and

Whereas, the voice of our friend and brother has several times been heard among us from this platform with delight and profit, even when many could not always agree with the sentiment conveyed; therefore,

Resolved, That we cherish the memory of our distinguished brother and friend, and recall with gratitude the acknowledged purity of his life, and his unquestioned devotion to the great interests of humanity as he understood and interpreted them.

Resolved, That our deepest sympathy is hereby respectfully tendered to the sorrowing family of our departed friend, in this crucial hour; and that we affectionately express to them our tribute of honor and appreciation toward the noble husband and the devoted father so suddenly removed from their home circle on earth; together with the consciousness in us that in some bright hereafter the ties thus seemingly sundered will reunite them in happy perpetuity.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be conveyed to the family of our departed friend and also spread upon the records of our association.

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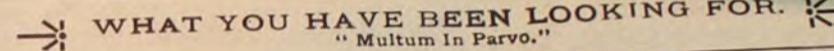
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